

# The Nation

VOL. VII., No. 20.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1910.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 1d.

## CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ... 689	"The Character of Chatterton." By John H. Ingram... 707
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	The Population Question. By Robert E. Dick ... 707
A Mortal Blow to Preferences 692	POETRY:—
The Boots of Indian Unrest ... 693	The Lotophagi. By M. Jourdain ... 707
The Achievements of British Trade ... 694	THE WORLD OF BOOKS... 708
The Political Genius of Cavour 695	REVIEWS:—
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	Walter Headlam. By G. M. ... 709
The Motor Rage in America ... 697	Nelson and Trafalgar ... 709
The Human Pawn ... 698	The Problem of Heredity ... 711
The Mind of St. Paul ... 699	A Pageant of British Dress ... 712
On Some Old-fashioned Phrases ... 700	A New Writer ... 713
LETTERS FROM THE EMPIRE:—	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
The Reciprocity Movement in Canada. By J. A. Stevenson 702	The Ring of Pope Xystus ... 714
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	The Life of Marie Amélie, Last Queen of the French ... 714
Agricultural Policy in Ireland. By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Russell 703	The Naval Operations of the War between Great Britain and the United States ... 714
The Peace Congress in Stockholm. By G. H. Perris 704	The Native States of India ... 714
"Nature" and Woman Suffrage. By Mere Woman, Henry W. Nevins, H. M. Swanwick, Eveline Mitford, and J. Fergusson Roxburgh 705	Across the Sahara ... 716
Mr. Lloyd George and the Production of Gold. By A. A. Mitchell ... 706	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ... 718

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE South African elections seem likely to give General Botha and his party a sweeping majority, which will not be lessened by a foolish reference made by Dr. Jameson to the "Raid" as "a step in the direction of federation." Good judges consider the general result assured, the only question being as to the size of the majority, while General Botha's personal success in Pretoria East is also certain. In an important speech in Pretoria, Mr. Smuts threw out a hint in favor of a South African Militia on the Swiss system, combined with a small striking force and a permanent artillery service, such as was maintained by the old Transvaal Republic. On the native and colored policy he was highly conservative. There could, he said, be no Indian immigration, and we are afraid that he also means no relaxation of the oppressive code of registration which now defaces the Transvaal statute book. Mr. Smuts also pronounced definitely and strongly against native franchise of any kind, basing his refusal on the ground that the vote was the white man's reward for his work of civilisation of the sub-continent, and his guarantee that his place would be permanent. We are afraid this does not look as if the vaguely liberal promises, made to British statesmen and the British public when the Union Act was being passed, would bear much fruit.

On Thursday Mr. Lloyd George made a lively and interesting defence of his attitude to Woman Suffrage and his opposition to the Conciliation Bill. He offered the general Liberal criticism of the tactics of violence, insisting that the impatience of the suffragettes contrasted badly with the patience of Irish women who believed in Home Rule and Welsh women who believed in disestablishment. He rebuked Mrs. Fawcett's sneer at the Celts as incapable of government, delivered in face

of the fact that the majority of Celts in Parliament voted for the Conciliation Bill. As to general tactics, he insisted that the House of Lords was the premier question, and must be dealt with before Woman Suffrage could be approached. If the House of Commons had passed the Conciliation Bill and the Lords had thrown it out, the Prime Minister would have been forced to fight the Lords on an issue in which he thought they were right.

THAT criticism would, of course, be fatal to the suggestion that the Bill should be made a Government Bill. But it hardly touches a measure left open to the House of Commons. In such a case, the action of the Lords, Yea or Nay, would, like the action of the Commons, be left outside the party controversy. The Chancellor means, we suppose, that, by throwing out the Bill, the Lords would improve their case with the country, and that they ought not to be allowed this advantage. On the supposition that the franchise is widely desired, it would not even assist the general popularity of the peers. And in any case it would not help their case against the Liberal Party.

THE Chancellor defended with spirit his part in the debate on the Conciliation Bill. He adhered to his Albert Hall pledge to support a Suffrage Bill that was democratic, and concerning which there was evidence that women wanted it. But the Conciliation Bill flagrantly violated the first condition. Not merely did it give a vote to every propertied woman in the country who chose to claim it, but it merely enfranchised one out of every ten, or even fifteen, working-women. The enfranchisement of women should, at least, be proportional to their social status. Indeed, it was socially much more important to give the vote to working-women than to women of leisure; the former suffered from man's selfishness or cruelty far more acutely than the latter. All the Colonies which had adopted woman's suffrage would have scorned the Conciliation Bill. Mr. George promised further work for the suffrage on the prescribed lines, a suggestion which points to the drafting of a Bill lying between the Conciliation Bill and adult suffrage, so as to make it more attractive to Liberals, while not altogether sacrificing Conservative support. This ought not to be an impossible task.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's speech contained a rather ominous hint on the general political weather. Like the physical weather, it was, he said, a "little uncertain." Fine days and cloudy days succeeded each other. "In these circumstances, all he could say to those engaged in Liberal work or Liberal organisation was that, if they went for a long walk, they had better carry their mackintoshes on their arms, and so be prepared to face whatever might befall." If this means that the Conference is on the point of breaking up, we suspect that most Liberals will wear their mackintoshes without a mourning armlet.

On Saturday last the Indian Legislative Council prolonged the operation of the Seditious Meetings Act until the end of March, when the whole situation will

doubtless be reviewed under the new Viceroy. Eight unofficial members opposed the continuation of this Act, and one of them, a Mohammedan, went so far as to say that it ruined all public life where it was in operation. On Monday news arrived of the discovery in Eastern Bengal of some association which the police affect to regard as a very dangerous conspiracy. Numerous arrests have been made all over the provinces, and some of the accused are men of importance, including Pulin Behari Das, who was one of the deported persons released last February. The charges against the prisoners are mostly under the Arms Act, and some are accused of "waging war against the King," and of sedition. The police, according to the "Times," declare that the conspiracy affected every province in India and aimed at the subversion of British rule. Nothing is known of the facts from any reliable source, though some curious reports have reached this country as to the persons who were likely to be implicated in it. Mr. Montagu, in his speech at Newton on Thursday, declared that this "alleged conspiracy" "must not be taken as a new event," and that "the association charged had been in existence for some years." Does this imply that the prosecution is a late revival of the old proceedings against the "Yugantar" movement?

Mr. MONTAGU has at last replied to Mr. Mackarness's impeachment of his Budget speech. Unfortunately, he neither withdraws nor defends his charges against the Mackarness pamphlet. He merely substitutes a loose form of the original complaint for the specific form, which he cannot substantiate. The capital instance of inaccurate quotation that he adduced was absolutely baseless. Mr. Mackarness showed it to be baseless, and it simply disappears from the Newton speech, unsupported and unapologised for. Questions of policy apart, we think that Lord Morley's subordinate might well take a lesson from Mr. Montagu's chief in the art of conducting a controversy.

THE rest of the Newton speech was simply a re-painting, in the usual official colors, of the dark facts disclosed, almost without qualification, by the Curzon Commission. "Secret inquiries" were only "ordinary departmental inquiries." Police torture existed—he admitted it—but Indian prisoners were always alleging it so as to escape conviction, and were also given to torturing themselves. He repeated his violent language about the pamphlet (dropping the specific charges which Mr. Mackarness disproved), its specially "horrible and mischievous" feature being the suggestion that the Indian Government had not done all that was "necessary and possible" to put down torture. Is a bureaucracy sacrosanct, that a charge of inadequate dealing with abuses among its agents is to be branded in this fashion? In his letter to the "Times" of Thursday, Mr. Mackarness gave two instances of lâches on the part of the Indian authorities. The first was their failure to strengthen the existing law for dealing with this offence; the second was that "police officers of rank who have fallen under the weightiest censure of the Courts receive special honors from the Executive."

Is this last charge true or not? If it is, it throws great doubt on the zeal of the Government of India. But, indeed, Mr. Montagu himself seems to hesitate whether to condemn Mr. Mackarness or no. For in one passage he tells us that nobody doubts the sincerity of his motive, and in another that nobody "who examined the pamphlet and its motive could defend it." And,

while treating the pamphlet as poisonous and seditious, he coolly adds that it "might do good if it directed the attention of those who could help to finding further methods of preventing torture." So the reforming work of the Indian authorities is not complete, after all. It is a pity this beneficent result was not thought of before the Indian Government suppressed the pamphlet as seditious.

WE do not wish to labor this unfortunate controversy, which should close as soon as its true moral has been seized. Our strong opinion is that the point on which all our eyes should be fixed is the reaping of the maximum harvest of good-will from Lord Morley's great scheme of reforms. We shall not readily despair of that policy, whose chief fault was that it came so late. But we do suggest that its success depends, as we argue elsewhere, on its ability to strike the Indian mind as a definite and calculated step of British Liberalism towards Indian self-government. That movement implies a break with the old bureaucracy; and its prize is the association of the Indian Moderates, who believe essentially in what we believe. If through this party we can convince native India that what we call progress and liberty are good for her as for us, we keep India. If we cannot, we either lose it, or we keep it on terms odious to British Liberalism. That is the problem; and that is the point of view from which we ought to read speeches like those of Mr. Montagu.

AFTER a vast deal of advertisement the organisers of the great Catholic demonstration which was to have been held at San Sebastian in defiance of the Spanish Government decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and cancelled the meeting. Señor Canalejas, for all his Liberalism, allows no more liberty of meeting or of speech to his Catholic opponents than a Conservative Government would allow to Republicans or Socialists. The suppression of this demonstration does not stand alone. Severe measures have been taken against Catholic newspapers in the North, and numerous arrests of priests have been carried out, apparently because they were singing party songs in a workman's club. These measures, which to the English mind betray only fussiness and nervousness, seem to have been regarded in Spain as an impressive display of strength. There is no fresh move to record in the dispute between the Spanish Government and the Vatican. But on all sides the talk is of conciliation. The Vatican is said to have drafted a friendly reply to the note in which the recall of the Spanish ambassador was announced. Señor Canalejas has announced that he is looking for means to appease the conflict, and, finally, the Emperor of Austria is credited with some intention to mediate.

THE new Persian Cabinet has suddenly succeeded in winning the warm approval of the bitterest critics of the Nationalist movement. It determined, no doubt wisely, to disarm the Nationalist volunteers (many of them Circassians) who are quartered in Teheran under Satar and Baghir Khans, the leaders of the resistance of Tabriz. They seem to have consented, but demanded a sum of money, which probably was due to them as pay. Some attempts at mediation were made in vain by the Turkish Minister and a German Chargé d'Affaires. Then, when the two days of grace had expired, the volunteers were surrounded and bombarded in a palace which a grateful nation had given to Satar Khan for his really splendid services at Tabriz. The new Police, under their Armenian chief Yefrim (Ephraim), the Bakhtiari clans-

men, and the artillery were all called into action, chiefly the last. All accounts agree that the Krupp guns of the official forces distinguished themselves against the rifles of the irregulars. In the end, after the popular Satar Khan had been wounded and thirty of his men killed, the fratricidal conflict ended in the surrender of the volunteers. The "Times" is in high glee, and it is generally agreed that the new Government has deserved well of its European friends. We are told that its prestige stands high by reason of its firmness. It may be so, but firmness is even more admirable when it is combined with the tact that avoids such adventures as this. There would have been rejoicing in much the same quarters if Cavour, whose memory the world is celebrating this week, had wounded Garibaldi and shot down his men after the Sicilian expedition.

BULGARIA has, so far, refrained from making the decided protests to Turkey which we anticipated when we wrote last week. But the emigration of Bulgarian refugees from Macedonia continues on a large scale. The Powers have replied to a Bulgarian circular, intimating their intention to preserve the peace, and declaring that if excesses did occur in Macedonia, they have now ceased. A new phase of the Turco-Greek conflict has arisen with a vehement protest on the part of the Patriarchate against the Turkish plan for assigning disputed Churches in Macedonia to the Bulgarians wherever these can show a two-thirds majority, while promising to build a new chapel for the use of the minority. The Porte has forbidden the assembling of an Œcumenical Council to consider the crisis. The old *régime* used to quarrel with one Christian race at a time. The new *régime* seems to aim at alienating them all at once.

On Tuesday Mr. William Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, was shot at by an Irishman called Gallagher, who had a fancied grievance against him on the ground of dismissal from a municipal post. The attempted assassination is possibly a consequence of Mr. Gaynor's drastic management of the most powerful and far-reaching municipal office in the world. Though a Tammany nominee, he had proved himself an unsparing reformer and an administrator of ability and independence, refusing party appointments, effecting large economies, and stamping out rogues and scandals without mercy to offenders of his own following. He possesses something of the rough, poetic qualities which many American public men develop, and his personality and career marked him as a possible democratic candidate for the Presidency, should Mr. Bryan refuse nomination, or fail to secure it against the moderates of the party. Gallagher, as it happens, is an adherent of the Hearst party, and had in his pocket when he fired a violent attack on Mr. Gaynor, cut out from one of the Hearst newspapers.

An interesting light was thrown last week upon the difficulties of Tory managers in popularising a Unionist administration. Mr. Balfour had vaguely approved the new Parker-Eltzbacher propaganda in favor of small owners. Sir Edward Strachey replied by citing a speech by Mr. Balfour in which the Tory leader said that on the Continent it had been found "perfectly impossible" to protect small ownerships from destruction "without heavy protective duties," and that such duties formed no part of his programme. Mr. Jesse Collings rejoined by deprecating the employment of quotations from "an old speech" as a method of controversy. Mr. Balfour's "old speech" was not delivered so long ago; but in any

case it plants two neat blows in the face of the two most promising idols of neo-Toryism.

THE Government have poured upon us a flood of social and industrial statistics and reports, in such volume as to make adequate comment difficult. We deal elsewhere with the trade returns. But perhaps the most significant account of social progress is that which marks last year's decline in the sale of intoxicating liquor in England and Wales. Thus there was a decrease of 9.4 per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness and of 11.28 per cent. in the conviction of women for the same offence. The number of on-licences is also less by 1,472 than in 1908, though here the decline has been continuous for a number of years. On the other hand, there is a net increase of 342 clubs, and they have grown by 20.31 per cent. since 1904, against an increase of only 6 per cent. in the population. The figures point, perhaps, to a new social danger, and also to some unfairness to the public-house trade. The figures that exhibit the decline of drinking habits in Scotland and Ireland are even more sweeping and conclusive.

THE Board of Trade returns dealing with the progress of the world's merchant shipping up to 1908 were issued on Saturday last, and the figures given are brilliantly satisfactory to this country. The British Empire is credited with a registered tonnage of 13,263,354, or more than one-half of the mercantile shipping of the world. Germany comes next, though at a long interval, with 2,828,404 tons. The United States fleets—ruined by Protection—count for only 940,068 tons, though in this calculation vessels navigating American rivers and inland lakes are not taken into account. An interesting, though an old, fact recorded in the returns is the predominance of British ships in trade with the United States. Fifty years ago, of course, American ships carried the greater portion of this trade; in 1908, out of a total tonnage of 16,131,750 entered and cleared in the United Kingdom the tonnage of British vessels was 12,399,479. This is one of the most salient of the benefits conferred by Free Trade.

A CONCERTED attempt has been made by the conscriptionist party to use the Territorial manoeuvres as a means of discrediting this force, and setting up or helping on their own idea of forced service. On the whole, both the official and the newspaper reports contradict this view. The weather was of the worst, and the supply department was, in many cases, not well arranged; but the men, especially the Welsh and the Scottish divisions, bore their hardships well, and showed intelligence and interest in their work. The chief set-back seems to have been that a fairly large proportion of the commands—forming, we believe, one-third of the London Division—were only able to spend a week in camp, in place of a fortnight.

THE airmen are still making records and getting killed or wounded. On Wednesday Mr. Grahame White flew from Blackpool to Barrow and back again, while Mr. Loraine, the actor, flew down the Lancashire coast to North Wales, landing at Rhos-on-Sea. He then continued his flight from Llandudno to the Isle of Anglesey, braving the double peril of fog and night at sea. In France there have been races from Paris to the German frontier and back, a distance of five hundred miles. On the other hand, Mr. Brookins, an American airman, who has risen as high as 6,000 feet, has been seriously injured, his aeroplane dashing into a crowd of spectators. Meanwhile the latest "Zeppelin" is to be used for a double daily service, taking passengers for £5 and £15 a trip.

## Politics and Affairs.

### A MORTAL BLOW TO PREFERENCES.

It is easy to understand the anger and alarm which the great Free Trade agitation in Canada has excited in the breasts of the watchful managers of the Protectionist movement in this country. Their anger is natural, for the Canadian uprising spells ruin to their cause, or to that aspect of it which alone can be dignified as an Imperial policy. If Colonial Preferences go, Protection, as a weapon of offence used by some British manufacturers with a political "pull" against other British manufacturers without it, will indeed remain. But the divorce of Protection from Preferences presents some signal disadvantages. It would be an invasion of the probities of British commercial life, and we cannot conceive that a statesman of the intellectual elevation of Mr. Balfour would consent to lead it, against the most specific of his declarations on the fiscal question. It would also involve the desertion of the country party, already threatened with the free entry of Colonial wheat. No Imperial aim, no pretence of a scientific handling of the tariff, could enter into sordid dealings of groups of British manufacturers with party "bosses" and their agents. We should have descended to the plane of tap-room politics; and all that was most dignified and most honest in British Conservatism would be in revolt.

Yet we do not see how, if the Canadian farmers of the West stand fast, and are joined by their Eastern brethren, the Preferential policy can possibly hold its ground. The Canadian farmers represent about sixty-five per cent. of the population. They stand for the economic future of their country; they embody the attraction which in ten years has wooed over half a million American citizens to her prairie lands, and has turned Canada into the most progressive and prosperous of the dependent States of the Empire. The organisation of this commanding factor is the new element in Canadian politics. The telephone and the tariff between them have converted agricultural Canada to Free Trade, and have diverted her main economic energies into the channel in which, sooner or later, they were bound to run. The new Grain Growers' Association has spread like wildfire from Ontario to Alberta. It is no mere tariff-tinkering organisation. It stands for the elimination of all protective features from the tariff, and for its reconstruction on what Sir Wilfrid Laurier calls a "free" British basis. It asks that farm products shall be placed on the free list, calls for a tariff for revenue only, repudiates a preferential tax on Canadian wheat, which might raise the cost of living to British artisans and laborers, and demands reciprocity with the United States.

The farmers' movement in Canada commands three potent agencies in Anglo-American politics—the breakdown of high Protection in the States, the American immigration to Western Canada, and the demand of the British-born Canadian for the Free Trade prices with which he was familiar in the old country. It happens that all these movements and interests are now in harmony. America wants Canadian farm

produce, Canada wants cheap clothes and agricultural machinery; the tariff of the Eastern manufacturers' syndicates forbids both these things, just as it forbids the entry of British manufactured goods. On the American side there is no natural barrier to any of these blessings. "Between the prairie section," says a correspondent of the "Morning Post," "from the Lakes to the Rockies and Western States of the Union, there is no barrier except a wire fence and a tariff." Now that it is perfectly clear that our own subjects desire the removal of these man-made barriers, it is not for the Imperial power to say them nay. In whose interests are we to stand in the way? Is the Mother Power to say that Minnesota and Manitoba shall buy and sell dear to each other when both parties insist that they want to deal cheap? And why is it to act for the Ontario manufacturer, who, preference or no preference, works for the exclusion of British no less than of American goods, and against the Manitoban farmer, who is for Free Trade in British products? This is not Imperialism; it is mere faction-politics, in which the special commercial interests of this country are incidentally to be sacrificed. So long as we maintain Free Trade and the open port, no Canadian party has a grievance against us. But as soon as we abandon them, we must, under the new conditions of Canadian politics, carry, not peace, but a sword into the bosom of the Empire.

Therefore the Canadian situation, while it illumines, in a flash, the central truth about Protection—that it simply "protects" one trading section against another, and that so far from "protecting" an entire community against external rivals, diminishes its aggregate revenue and its general prosperity—also makes an end of the special home fiction that the Preferential policy represents a Colonial demand upon us. The whole structure must fall now that the Canadian wing comes to the ground. The Protectionists will never persuade the British workmen that the cause of Empire is bound up with arming a ring of Canadian manufacturers and railway magnates, not merely against their American competitors, but against their own British customers, who happen to be the living force and backbone of the Dominion. We cannot but think that the "Morning Post" is ill-advised to speak of this powerful class, pioneers of Empire and of man's war with Nature, as "fostering rebellion against the throne" and as requiring a "Bill of Attainder" to settle their traitorous aims. True Imperialism does not concern itself with questions of origin. It welcomes all the members of Adam's kin so long as they accept the easy, the unfelt, yoke of British sovereignty. To forbid British colonists to seek their daily bread, save on terms which suit the home country, is practically to revive the old ruinous claim to tax America. This is the language of Georgian Toryism, rather than of modern Imperialism. We can understand the wrath of politicians who realise that Protection is a disruptionist policy for the Colonies as well as for ourselves. But why should a statesman like Mr. Balfour lend himself to designs obviously inimical to Imperial unity? The Canadian movement is a signal of warning to him as of encouragement to British Free

Traders. We all know that he disbelieves in Protection; the Canadian Free Trade movement must shake his qualified allegiance even to the Preferential idea. Why pursue this vanishing phantom of a policy any longer?

### THE ROOTS OF INDIAN UNREST.

SINCE Mr. Montagu delivered a speech on the present condition of India, two events have occurred to qualify the optimism which he expressed. Lord Minto, as one of the last acts of his term of office, has thought it necessary, against the votes of the unofficial members of the Legislative Council, to prolong the operation of the more recent measures of repression. A conspiracy, which has led to numerous arrests of influential Hindus, has also been discovered in Eastern Bengal. We are bound to read with some scepticism the accounts which correspondents give of the detective work for which such a body as the Indian police is responsible. But we know enough to be doubtful of any predictions that point to the near approach of a period of calm. The roots of Indian unrest go far beyond any manifestations that can fairly be classed as overt sedition. The activities of the little party of physical force present no problem. They more fully indicate a duty. There is nothing to be done with the few groups of young men who openly resort to terrorism, or with the few newspapers which directly incite to violence, save to set in motion against them the machinery of the common law. It is pitiable that so many of the members of the avowedly seditious party are, by the admission even of writers so little sympathetic as the special correspondent of the "Times," men of high character, who are sacrificing their own lives, in a campaign as futile as it is criminal, to an ideal of profitless devotion. It is a painful reflection that their excesses are the fruit of the delays and negations of Lord Morley's predecessors. One may plead for the fullest use of every kindly influence which can reach the students among whom these pioneers of revolution are recruited. One may deprecate the degrading severities, such as the public flogging of Bengali youths, which must have done something to make the exasperation that leads to terrorism. But over the punishment of the assassin, or of the newspaper which preaches assassination, there is, and can be, no controversy.

The real problem begins only when we face the subtler and, in reality, more formidable manifestations of extremist Nationalism which the special correspondent of the "Times" has analysed in a long and capable series of articles. The main lesson of these articles is that we have to face in this movement a new spirit which differs fundamentally alike from that of the older generation of Indian reformers and from that of other Oriental revivals. It is no longer an echo of Western Liberalism, constitutional in its methods and ideals, and rationalistic in its larger outlook. One may safely say of the Young Turks that their range of ideas is roughly that of French Freemasonry, and that their Ottoman patriotism, even in its excesses, does but imitate that of other governing races like the English in Ireland and the Magyars in Hungary. The new spirit in India is, on

the contrary, a fierce reaction against all Western influences. It has its religious and its philosophical aspects, no less than its political programme. It has swept aside the rationalistic or deistic phase which was the first consequence of the contact of educated India with Western Liberalism. It preaches, instead, an ardent faith, a passionate return to the old national cults, a belief in a mysterious providence which will one day confound the big battalions and the material power of India's masters. There is in all this no naïve or untutored fanaticism. It utters itself, whether it uses English or a vernacular language, in a dignified and unimpassioned style which is said to be something wholly new in Indian literature. We have ourselves seen writings by Arabindo Ghose, half-political, half-metaphysical, which breathed a religious spirit that has not used English as its medium since Newman died. Everywhere the old cults have been revived with a patriotic purpose. Occasionally the leaders of this movement have pandered to the worst elements of Hindu orthodoxy by defending child-marriages. More often, as in the Arya Somaj, they have combined a humanitarian teaching, which sought to break down the barrier of caste and turned away from superstitious rites, with a still mystical faith that aimed at a return to the primitive religion of the Vedas. There is room for diverse tendencies, from the austerity which prevails in the Punjab to the sensuous faith of Bengal. But everywhere the inner impulse is the same, and it is a passionate will to recover the Indian soul of India.

The political aspect of the new teaching has taken a form hardly less elusive. While some of the younger men look to terrorism for their deliverance, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of abler leaders who repudiate such methods. They have invented a strategy which they justly deem to be more formidable. It is, in a word, the creation of an India within the Indian Empire, which shall regard the doings of its British rulers with a contemptuous indifference. It will save its own soul. It will rescue its own culture and its own faith from Western influences. So far from seeking to win for native Indians a place within the official ranks and a footing in the consultative councils, it will boycott the entire mechanism of foreign rule. It will make social outcasts of the Indians who conform and seek their career in the British service. It will build up native trade and finance on the basis of a Swadeshi boycott. If we inquire what is the ultimate goal, the answer would vary with the wisdom, the experience, and the temperament of the Extremist whom we questioned. Some would say that these methods will ultimately render the position of a small British garrison untenable, and bring about a despairing surrender. Others would avow that when religion and discipline and the training of the gymnastic clubs have raised up a generation that is genuinely and passionately Indian, the moment will be ripe for an armed revolt. A third school, which is, perhaps, the ablest of the three, would declare that this India, autonomous in all the realities of its daily life, material and spiritual, is itself the ideal. The political framework is a matter of indifference. If we went on to talk of the gradual evolution of elective institutions, these thinkers would answer that a

Brahman theocracy, unchartered and unrecognised, comes nearer to their ideals of government than any democratic system which we might concede or they extort.

It is with this singular movement, exotic, exalted, and full of passionate vitality, that we are really dealing when we attempt to cope with Indian unrest by a mingling of reform with repression. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that neither expedient can avail. The real strength of the movement lies deeper than any politics. It is not a simple-minded desire for good government on Western models, such as Young Turks and Persian Nationalists feel. It is a revolt against Western civilisation. It is no nearer to the spirit of Mill or Burke than to the spirit of the English missionary and the Anglo-Indian civilian. It is not to be won by reforms, because these reforms do not seem to be nearing its goal. As little can it be reached by repression. We may repress the boys who play with bombs and the journalists who excite them. But we can no more repress a spiritual propaganda which is anti-European in its tendencies than we can repress Hinduism itself. All that we can do, in so far as we strike at any disaffection which falls short of terrorism or incitements to terrorism, is to destroy the appeal of Western Liberalism to sections of Hindu society which still believe in it. We cannot reach the inner spirit of this Extremist Movement. But we can alienate the Moderate who has imbibed the Liberal creed, who does desire democratic self-government, who is, in his religious and social beliefs, a reformer rather than a reactionary. When we ourselves prohibit even such criticisms as those contained in Mr. Mackarness's pamphlet, when we deport without trial, when we refrain from dealing firmly and adequately with a police which is confessedly corrupt and cruel, we are not making the Hindu reaction any less popular. We are only discrediting a European Liberalism which stands upon its trial before the bar of Indian opinion. We are not dealing with a simple people like the Turks or the Egyptians. We are dealing with a subtle and reflective race, which is profound and thoughtful even when it turns to reaction. There is in progress a conflict of ideals, and we are too often engaged in making that ideal which we should ourselves promote unpopular and visionary. We are leaguering against ourselves Indians who wish to move on Liberal lines towards representative self-government, with Indians whose real aim is to promote an obscurantist, but national, reaction. There is only one policy which seems to us to offer a hope of peaceful evolution. It is, while repressing actual violence, to constitute ourselves the propagandists of Liberal ideals of government. So long as we declare, as the Simla memorandum declared, that India must always be held by the sword, we invite the answer of a Nationalist reaction. To encourage the rival forces of reform, we must be prepared to declare, solemnly and publicly, that our tentative experiments in self-government are intended to lead, within a measurable period, to the complete realisation of the ideal which they seem to foreshadow. With that encouragement a Liberal Party among Indians, which is our real ally, ought to hold its ground. Without it, its dreams must seem even more visionary than those of the Extremists themselves.

### THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF BRITISH TRADE.

SOME legitimate anxiety is felt just now by our merchants and manufacturers as to the immediate future of trade and prices. Since the American crisis of 1907-8 and the months of depression and unemployment which followed it in all the great centres of commerce and industry throughout the world, there has been a pretty steady recovery. That recovery began in Great Britain more than a year ago, and we have now reached a very high level of prosperity. In fact, if we go on at the present rate until December, our trade may beat the great record of 1907. A similar recovery has taken place on the Continent of Europe. Russia's magnificent harvest last year saved the situation, and brought down the price of wheat in a most satisfactory manner. Another good crop is expected this year, and all south-eastern Europe is blessed with an abundant harvest. Germany is fairly prosperous, though some trades have suffered severely from the new taxes. In France, unfortunately, a failure of the vintage and deficient crops are producing a distress which may have serious economic and political effects. Outside Europe, the bright spots are India and Australia. Splendid rains in both countries promise a repetition of last year's fine grain crops and wool clips. Yet the price of wheat has risen considerably since May, owing to the failure of the spring wheat in the United States and southern Canada. Undoubtedly, North America is the cloud on the commercial horizon. Many good judges anticipate serious trouble; for the Western farmers have been borrowing money far too freely, and will certainly not be in a position to repay the banks. We do not anticipate a catastrophe like that of 1907; but there may be a heavy list of failures, which would aggravate the reaction in trade on the other side of the Atlantic. That, again, would be felt in Europe, and therefore we cannot feel altogether sanguine about a continuance of the present boom in trade. Much will depend upon the cotton crop. If that should prove sufficient to supply the needs of Lancashire for the coming year at reasonable prices, we may hope, with the help of India, Argentina, Australia, and Russia, to maintain a high level of industrial activity for another twelve months.

Turning now from the outlook to the statistical record provided by the Board of Trade returns for July, we find good ground for satisfaction, more especially as these important indications are confirmed by the returns of pauperism and unemployment, which have fallen to a low level. In July, 1909, there were four Sundays, as compared with five last month. This means the loss of one working day at the ports. Nevertheless, our exports rose by nearly 3 millions on the month, over 2½ millions of which were represented by manufactured articles. This is good; but according to the Tariff Reformers you want a decrease in imports as well as an increase in exports. And on turning to exports we find that this Protectionist ideal has been achieved under a Free Trade system; for there is a decrease in imports for July of £932,000. But then, as the Tariff Reformers say, we must not be content with the gross figures. Quantity is of little importance in trade com-

pared with quality. It is the function of a well-planned tariff to encourage good trades and discourage bad ones. Thus, banking and broking, jam and pickles, are bad, whereas armor-plates, explosives, sham jewelry, and pearl buttons exalt a nation. We may, indeed, suspect that politics and local patriotism guided Mr. Chamberlain's hand in 1903 when he compiled his selected list of ruined and ruinous trades. But since then, under the scientific guidance of Mr. Hewins, the Tariff Reform League has laid it down that what we want to do is to import less manufactures and more raw material. All the food we require should be produced at home or in the Colonies, damp, drought, or frost notwithstanding. But, lo and behold, on looking at July we see that we have obtained all that Tariff Reform aims at without the bother and cost of a revolution. In the very words of the "Daily Telegraph," which most accurately summarise the facts, "We received a larger quantity of raw materials, the increase being £1,686,784, seen principally in oil-seeds, nuts, oils, fats, and gums, wool, iron ore, scrap iron and steel. . . . Food and drink, however, have run down £2,012,613, the decrease being principally in grain and flour, while meat has increased. There is a net falling off of £527,510 in (imports of) manufactured articles, iron and steel being £105,875 less, other metals £555,083, woollen fabrics £90,260, and silk ditto £38,686; but cotton goods increased £95,482." What could be better—an increasing import of raw materials, a diminished import of food, an increasing export and a diminishing import of manufactured articles? Even this is not all. If there is one thing that the Protectionist really abhors, it is the export of coal. To export coal is almost as bad as to export machinery. It is not only helping the foreigner with fuel, it is also exhausting one of the great natural resources of the country. Well, when we look at July we find that the exports of coal have diminished by 213,000 tons. Need we go further? Providence seems to have specially supplied the Board of Trade returns for July to show how the ideal conditions—the fiscal paradise on earth—which the Tariff Reform League hopes to introduce can be attained by Cobdenism pure and simple.

In sober truth, our commercial activity this year has been almost unprecedented. Over 200 millions sterling of new capital have already been subscribed in London to public issues at home, abroad, and in the Colonies. No doubt the rubber boom was very much overdone, and many people who were lured by rubber prospectuses must regret it. But the new rubber plantations of the Malay Peninsula, entirely financed by British capital and controlled by British management, are a marvellous proof of what this country can do. Half the world's rubber is consumed by the United States. Probably three-quarters at least of the cultivated rubber is British. Here is a new and enormously profitable trade captured and monopolised within the last few years by British adventurers. But, in capturing rubber, we have not lost our hold on the staples. Looking over the figures of the last seven months, as compared with the corresponding months of 1909, we find the exports of iron and steel manufactures, of other metallic articles, electrical apparatus and machinery, higher by

about five and a-half millions sterling. More new ships have been built and sold to the extent of £1,147,000. As for textiles, cotton goods are up no less than seven millions, woollen and worsteds four and a-half millions, silk a quarter of a million, and other textiles £811,000; to say nothing of apparel, which has a separate item (a trifling increase of £1,711,000) all to itself. It would be tedious to dwell upon the expansion in chemicals, leather, earthenware, glass. Enough that so far this year exports of manufactured articles are up by £26,895,000. Even this does not include the enormous quantities of goods which American and other visitors carry away from London, Southampton, and Liverpool on their persons or in their trunks. What our hard-driven Tariff Reformers have to forget or ignore is that, under our Free Trade system, we have this great differential advantage over foreign countries, that practically everything can be bought in London at the lowest price. And this advantage increases with every addition that is made to foreign tariffs. Hence London is by far the greatest shop and emporium in the whole world. Of that we find evidence in the Board of Trade returns. At all times we are buying and reselling every imaginable commodity, from copper and tin and wool to tea, ivory, and ostrich feathers, not merely for home consumption, but also to reship to foreigners. This huge trade, out of which brokers and bankers, sorters and warehousemen, make livings or fortunes (a trade which Tariff Reform scowls upon and would assuredly destroy), is seen under the head of re-exports. July re-exports are valued at £8,221,595, an increase of £847,364. For the past seven months of this year re-exports are valued at £63,533,866, an increase of no less than £9,610,000 on the corresponding period of 1909. Such are the by-products of the policy of open ports. Its main fruits appear over the entire surface of British trade.

#### THE POLITICAL GENIUS OF CAVOUR.

FORTUNE was not ungenerous in her dealings with Italy during the time that her people were becoming one and free. She gave the greatest of all her gifts, for she sent the indispensable men in the golden hour—Mazzini and Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel. Take away the arts, the qualities, the virtues, we may even say the vices, of any one of them, and the making of the Italian nation would have been a much longer agony. She gave, too, a not unfavorable Europe, where the merest turn of events might have set up an unbroken Holy Alliance. It was not, as it proved, an unkind fate for Italy that put France, after all her splendid adventures after freedom, under the degrading and disastrous rule of Napoleon the Third. Cavour knew, as did Bismarck, that though it was not a good thing to have for your ruler, it was something of an advantage to have for your neighbor that child of fears and fancies, the prisoner of his memories, and the victim of his dreams. He played a double game on Italy, it is true, but his generous moments had mined the ground for his colder and selfish aims. No after-thought of ambition, no

stab of self-biting anger, could undo the past or arrest the great march of events which he had sounded on the Lombard plain. What, too, of England in 1860? The General Election of 1859 gave the Liberals a majority of forty. The amendment which turned out the Derby Government was carried by a majority of thirteen. If this slight victory had not been won by local Liberalism, the one Government that stood fearlessly by the Revolution, and prevented the making of a Holy Alliance, would never have come into existence. If her Foreign Minister had been a Tory of the school of Lord Derby or Lord Salisbury, or a Liberal of the school of Lord Rosebery or Sir Edward Grey, Garibaldi would have had no help from England, and Europe would have been allowed to draw its meshes round him.

But if Fortune was kind to Italy in 1859, two years later she took back all her favors with a cruel hand. For of all the men indispensable at one moment or another to Italy, Cavour alone was cut off in his prime, and Cavour alone needed an old age. Mazzini's work was over by 1849. He had nationalised the mind of Italy; he had given her the religion of his noble contemplations; he had shown her one hour of sublime government. Garibaldi lived the last ten years of his life, a massive national monument. The creation of the new Italy was already an accomplished fact, as Mr. Trevelyan tells us, when in November, 1860, he resigned the dictatorship of Sicily and Naples and sailed back to his farm on Caprera with a large bag of seed corn and a small handful of lira notes. If death had taken Mazzini or Garibaldi twenty years earlier, Italy's history would not have been widely different. The sword and the soul were no longer needed. But the cursed fate that tripped up Cavour, like the fate that crushed Parnell in his prime, altered the history of a nation. Mazzini and Garibaldi lived to be the traditions of the past; Cavour was needed to inform and create the future.

The genius that had built up Italy from Piedmont—a far greater achievement, as Signor Luzzatti pointed out on Wednesday, than Bismarck's achievement in building up Germany from Prussia—that had used every event, and almost every mind, in European politics for one great national purpose; that had worsted the best brains in diplomacy, was required to reconcile North and South, to blend Italy and States with jealous memories into a powerful and liberal State. The Italian problem was, as everybody now sees, in one sense far harder than the German. Bismarck, having smothered the earlier Liberal movement for unity, set to work to build a united Germany on a basis of authority. Cavour and his associates set out to build a united Italy on a basis of freedom. After forty years of experience, disillusionment is a natural mood, and the predominant tone in modern Italy is that of misgiving and pessimism. She seems sometimes to be almost overwhelmed by the difficulties created by the failure of the statesmanship of the last forty years to overcome the evils deeply rooted in centuries of bad government. That statesmanship, it is safe to say, would have been much less unsuccessful if Cavour had not been snatched from Italian politics just at the time when concentration on domestic questions was becoming possible. One great and resounding folly, at

any rate, Italy would have escaped. Cavour was a Free Trader. He did not aim at a sudden introduction of Free Trade, but he meant gradually and firmly to give that character to Italian finance. He saw that one of the first necessities of the Italy that had been governed by Pope and Bourbon was to escape from her past of picturesque brigandage and squalor through a great and costly scheme of State development: railways, roads, bridges, and all that vast workmanship which has stretched communications across the mountain ranges of modern Italy. To make this as little of a burden as possible, he wished to give the greatest stimulus to trade and industry, and he saw that the way to give that stimulus was to make industry free. The devastating tariff war between France and Italy, for which Italy has paid so heavily in her manufactures, would have been unthinkable if Italian politics had been under the guidance of Cavour's genius another ten years. The special problems of the South would have taxed even his powerful brain. The union of Italy mixed two civilisations, and the question of the right treatment of the inferior civilisation in such circumstances—how far its own special vices can be localised, and how far unification can be carried safely—is one of the hardest that statesmen can have to answer. How inveterate is a tradition of money corruption we know from the history of certain towns in England. Cicero's description in the speech against Verres of these "*qui per largitionem magistratus adepti sunt, dederunt operam ut ita potestatem gererent, ut illam lacunam rei familiaris explerent,*" would apply to the whole spirit of the traditions of Italian administration in great parts of the country. Would Cavour have been able to grapple with this past? Would he have made Parliamentary government more sincere, and less the sport of the ambitions of a few skilful politicians? Would he have given reality and force to all the commonplaces about justice to the poor and love of freedom which are the stuff of Italian political oratory but so rarely find their way into legislation? The Italian papers, commenting on "*Il Gran Bilancio del Popolo*," as they called Mr. Lloyd George's Budget last year, drew a sad contrast between English and Italian politics, pointing out how rarely it happens that the promises or the threats of Liberalism in Italy take life and shape.

It is impossible to say what Italy would be to-day if Cavour had lived; but at least it is safe to say that he showed in his politics, not only the imagination and the intellect that gave him his great place in history, but a concentration, a tenacity; and a sense for reality and reform, that have been sadly wanting in Italian public life. He was unscrupulous, but he was dealing with a world of governments and diplomatists where scruples were unknown: it is not just to argue that such methods would have become his second nature, and that he would have used them in domestic politics as well. Italy, having been emancipated by heroes, has been governed by statesmen of whom none have inspired more than a polite respect within their own country. If Fortune had been kinder, she would have begun her career under the guidance of one of the first minds in Europe.

## Life and Letters.

### THE MOTOR RAGE IN AMERICA.

THE uncertainty of the immediate future in America—the only depressing feature in an optimistic financial outlook—has been ascribed to a variety of causes. The break-up of the Republican party, the campaign against the Tariff and against great wealth, the condition of so much inflated speculation, still hazardous, even after the great "shake-out" of two years ago, are all branded as originating causes. Those concerned with trans-Continental finance have added a more prosaic reason, which appeared at first incredible. This is the determination of the American to possess a motor-car. Mr. Maurice Low, in the "Morning Post" of last Saturday, gives serious reason to believe that this is not a jest, but a sober statement of fact. The margin of profit which so many small successful farmers and business men save year by year, which when invested floats so many safe or speculative securities, is at present going to the purchase of automobiles. The figures of expansion and consumption are amazing. Mr. Low compares it to the two greatest of previous American booms—the gold strike in California and the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil wells. And it has come with almost as similar a rapidity. Fifteen years ago American industry turned out £30,000 worth of cars. Ten years, even five years ago, automobiles were still regarded there, as they are in the main regarded in Europe, as ministers to the idle pleasure of rich men—comparable with the chariot-races of old Rome. To-day the output of cars is 200,000 a year, worth 45 million pounds. More than 200 millions are invested in the manufacture; 400,000 persons are engaged in it; there is a car at present for every 160 persons in the States; and the demand shows no signs of being satisfied. Detroit produces 60 per cent. of the total output. A completed car is there turned out every three minutes; the evolution from steel billet to finished machine takes six days. "Munsey's Magazine" for August gives some illustration of the romance which always accompanies this sudden creation of enormous wealth-earning power. One example may suffice: Henry Ford was "a Detroit engineer who had served his apprenticeship in an electric-light plant. He evolved a car which he believed would sell for a popular price. He tried to interest capitalists in vain. Finally, he fell in with a stove manufacturer, who agreed to lend him \$27,000. 'But I can't afford to be identified with your project,' said the backer, who feared ridicule for his hardihood. That small investment paid a dividend as high as 1,300 per cent. in a year. To-day the name of the struggling inventor is known wherever cars are run, and his output is measured by thousands."

The demand is from the middle class and more prosperous artisans of the cities, and from the farmers of the vast spaces of the West. The demand has been created, and is being satisfied, by a cheap car; perfection of machinery and the enormous scale of production being able to supply—even behind the American tariff and its high wages—a thoroughly reliable car for £100. Poor men are mortgaging their homes and selling their savings to get the £100 car. The demand of the Western farmer is entirely intelligible, and the conditions here not paralleled in Western Europe. The motor-car for the first time allows these, who are still in some sense pioneers, to triumph over space, and, in triumphing over space, to be also victorious over time. The railways—about which the Tennysonian age broke into poetry of doubtful quality, but undoubted sincerity—are seen here to be but the first clumsy attempts of a mechanical intelligence still in its infancy. The trains, conveyed along these narrow, shining slips through thousands of miles of prairie and desert, could not stray one inch to left-hand or right. Thirty, fifty, a hundred miles from their margin, you were practically cut off from the mental stimulus of civilisation on the one hand, the material access to markets on the other. And the railways, again, speedily passed into the control of some corporation, with no kindness or compassion, who lured

out the farmer into the wilderness, and then milked him as dry as the ground landlord of the city. In the one case the increase in industry and business was skimmed off as rent; in the other, as freight. To-day, the automobile, as a kind of good fairy, may be pictured as defying the operations of those two Titans of monopoly. On the one hand, in the town, the struggle for the particular piece of land at the centre, flung upward into enormous land value because everyone wants to live there, is being lightened by the fact that "everyone" is coming to be satisfied with a villa on the outskirts, and a quiet, simple, daily journey to town in the £100 automobile. On the other hand, the country farmer, with a machine so subtly devised that it can carry him on a visit to a neighbor forty miles away one evening, and carry his milk to a market forty miles in the other direction on the following morning, is coming more and more into the position that he can defy the "octopus" and meet it with equal fighting weapons. The real fury of the American demand comes from the West. In Nebraska, we read, there is already an average of one machine to every 100 of the population. In Los Angeles, in California, the average is one in forty—the highest in the United States. Of every eight or ten families, one possesses a motor. There are those still who profess no enthusiasm for this achievement of human genius, who ask where is the gain in the real things that matter. Thoreau denounced the excitement over the Atlantic cable, proclaiming that the only effect of it was to pour into "the broad, flapping American ear" the news that "Princess Adelaide had got the toothache." But to the majority these victories over Space and Time—which, at best, are blind, brutal, earth-bound gods—mark an epoch, not of criticism, but of rejoicing. What is to-day being achieved in Western America will tomorrow be achievable in all the waste, lonely spaces of the world—in Canada, Australia, the South American plain, the vast Siberian steppes. It means an enormous advance in the possibility of community, human fellowship, and the amenities of living; it means, incidentally, the rolling of the Malthusian spectre finally—or, at least, for any conceivable future time—into the cavern of dead bogeys. It means also—let us hope something more important than either—a reversing of that steady, slow drift of the rural populations into the cities, which a great writer nearly a hundred years ago branded as "the graveyards of civilisation; a drift which in Europe was the cause of a cosmopolitan anxiety, and in new lands like Australia had become a menace." The "railway age" has lasted something near a century; the "motor age" may fill up the century to come; after which aviation will probably make our rejoicings over the automobile themselves look ridiculous, as a man will easily rise on his monoplane from his back-garden to take dinner with a friend a hundred miles away, and return comfortably by midnight.

And, in addition to this demand of the "farmer," there is, as we have said above, the demand of the suburban city. Mr. H. G. Wells, after picturing in the story of the "Sleeper" the nightmare vision of the future town, a covered-in, artificially lighted human hive of millions, came, in his "Anticipations," to throw over such a prophecy of desolation. The new machines, travelling freely in all directions from the city's centre, and directed, not by some incredibly muddling board of British railway directors, but by the free caprice of each individual owner, were to scatter the city far and wide over the surrounding counties. And a kind of shopping, social, and business centre was alone to remain, serving as the connecting link of radiating strands of lesser cities, manufactories, villages, to which easy access was to be given by the new cheap mechanical traction. Little progress has yet been made in England since that anticipation was written towards the fulfilment of the ideal. An acreage of empty houses in the "West End," vocal with appealing boards in every square and garden, may serve to show that, amongst the richer quarters, a drift countrywards has accompanied the popularity of the automobile. But East and South London still reveals to the occasional philosophic traveller such a stretch of human desolation as can be paralleled nowhere else in

the world. The free fight for the outward-bound tram at evening still offers its pictorial scandal; and the metropolis grows, not by the formation of independent "garden cities" or suburbs, whose inhabitants can dash in and out by mechanical conveyance, but by the plastering of impossible suburbs upon impossible suburbs, like the leaves of an onion—East Ham on West Ham, Cricklewood on Willesden, Tooting on Balham. But the new American expansion, with the news of its actual effect on the city people, comes as a new hope, even for the possibility of this old Europe. Just as the gas cooking-stove has redeemed the life of the poor from a particular squalor and misery which defied alike Christianity and Progress, so the ingenious use of "gallons of gasoline" may have more influence on the destruction of the city land monopoly than any philosophy of Mr. Henry, or politics of Mr. Lloyd, George. "To some extent," says Mr. Low, "the motor has changed city life. The automobile has changed the point of view. To live ten or twelve miles out and to come backward and forward under your own steam is now 'a sign rather of moderate affluence' instead of (as before) of scrimping poverty." He tells the story of a mechanic who rented from a member of Congress a little cottage for £4 a month. The mechanic offered another £1 a month for an adjoining shed, "to keep my automobile in." He had bought a second-hand motor-car for £40, and every evening he and his wife came home in it. That is a cheery vision for the future; for the scattering of Tooting and Willesden and West Ham. It is good also, in contemplation of such a "scattering," to remember that provision has now been wisely made for keeping some of the resulting profit in private hands; that of the "increment" which such a scattering must inevitably produce in the conversion of agricultural lands into townships and villages, one-fifth will henceforth go into the pockets of the State.

#### THE HUMAN PAWN.

REMOTE in Burton Crescent, lonely as the Prophet's lodge in a garden of cucumbers, there stands one of the sculptured embellishments of our metropolis—an unknown statue to the forgotten "Father of Reform." The inscription on the base tells the glory of John Cartwright, "the firm, consistent, and persevering advocate of Universal Suffrage, Equal Representation, Vote by Ballot, and Annual Parliaments." It also narrates that, though his distinguished merits as a Naval Officer in 1776 presented the most flattering prospects of Professional Advancement, yet he nobly refused to draw his sword against the Rising Liberties of an oppressed and struggling People. In short, he resigned his Commission rather than fight against the American Colonists in the War of Independence, and we are further told of his inflexible integrity, exalted Patriotism, profound Constitutional Knowledge, and the unblemished Virtues of his Private Life.

All this the statue in Burton Crescent worthily commemorates, for, indeed, John Cartwright was one of those who are the salt of our English earth, and we can imagine how the officials and authorities of the time detested him. When he was eighty, they prosecuted him for sedition. He fought injustice to the last, and soon before his death, at eighty-four, he wrote, "To despair in a good cause is to approach towards atheism." But two services remain unrecorded on his monument, and one of them has long survived his memory. Being engaged for many years in organising the Nottinghamshire Militia on the basis of a true citizen army (until the Government removed him from command), he introduced the Cap of Liberty on their colors and buttons long before the Bastille fell; and being moved to compassion by the sufferings of chilly sentries, he forced the Government to grant the British infantry great-coats.

The Army great-coat should be called a Cartwright, just as the officers' valise takes its name from Wolseley. But the soldier has forgotten his benefactor, and thinks no more of the official rage when first that "pestilent fellow" urged his demand. "Great-coats, indeed!" cried the Staff Officers of the time; "have we a pack of women in the ranks? What a soldier wants is hardening, sir—hardening! Did Marlborough win his battles in great-coats? What kind of great-coats had the Ancient Britons to fight in? Tell us that, sir, and then tell us to what kind of animal the Service is now going!" So growled the red-faced Staff, while sentries shivered to death and Cartwright fought their battle. Among certain types of officer that growl is always muttering, and we heard the echo of it last week from the Isle of Man. We cannot tell whether the accounts that have come through are accurate, but the report says that three West Riding brigades of Territorials were manœuvring there in almost continuous rain; that the marches were of enormous length, and the men, dead beat and soaked to the skin, complained they could see nothing through the sleet to fire their blank cartridges at, and, what was worse, they were not allowed to wear their great-coats. Whereupon fifty of the Leeds Rifles refused to obey orders, and a few have been dismissed from the force with disgrace. Harder to believe is the further report that the men, bivouacing on the open hills in drenching rain, were forbidden to use the "waterproof coats" (probably a mistake for waterproof sheets) which they had with them, and lay exposed to wet and cold till they continued the march after the early Rouse.

Everyone sympathises with officers who attempt to take manœuvres seriously and put reality into Territorials. In no country are manœuvres much like war, for, no matter how many umpires may be on the field, the only umpire that counts in war is death, and he is absent. In England, manœuvres are repeatedly made ridiculous by the rights of landed property, and by the peculiar patriotism that talks a deal about defence, but thinks its own woods and moors better suited for grouse and pheasants than defenders. Nor is it easy to inspire the sense of reality into soldiers who, in all probability, will never see action. Even the "Observer" does not shudderingly anticipate invasion this year. To practise "war conditions" for a war that is remote, or impossible, is a difficult task, and, since it has to be done, the officers must be encouraged by every means. Much encouragement has been given. The change of name from "Volunteers" to "Territorials" has transformed the whole spirit of the force. Who can say what has been gained by the use of a service uniform, and the permission to wear gilt buttons instead of silver? The haughtiest recruit in the Line may now salute a Territorial officer without shame, though he would have walked a mile out of his way rather than salute a Volunteer. The possession of a Field Artillery and a Yeomanry on its own, the mere knowledge that the whole line of defence is now decently organised into fourteen divisions—all such things count for reality far beyond their actual worth on paper, or even in numbers. The spirit, as we said, is transformed, and the officers are stirred with zeal as with new wine—an enviable result.

Good officers will inspire their men with a similar zeal. We have known a Cockney battalion so possessed with the spirit of conflict as to charge the innocent enemy on an Aldershot sandhill with clubbed rifles, bent on slaughter. This summer, for the first time, some attempt at "war conditions" and bivouac has been made. No wonder the thing was overdone. Hardship appeals irresistibly to every generous soul, and one can hear the officers murmuring to themselves that fifty-eighth Maxim of Napoleon:—

"The first qualification of a soldier is fortitude under fatigue and privation. Courage is only the second; hardship, poverty, and want are the best school for a soldier."

Can one doubt that, as he wrote the words, Napoleon looked back regretfully upon those bedraggled scare-

crowds whom he led across the Alps to the conquest of Italy? Hardship is the best school, and the commandant who expects the impossible from his men is always more beloved than the slacker. But finer than hardship and the driving of a martinet is that communicated touch of spirit such as Napoleon could give; and Darwin was right when he defined discipline, not as hardship or strict treatment, but as the strength that lies in mutual confidence.

Anxious to win the little Field-Marshal's approval, a captain was punctiliously bringing his company up to the scene of action on a field-day. All the time it was, "Keep your fours there! Close up there! Slope your arms properly there! Smith, you're out of step! Now then—left—left—left!" "Don't nag your men, sir!" said the little Field-Marshal.

To nag his men, to forget the humanity of the pawn, to refuse great-coats in the cold and waterproof sheets on the drenched hillside—those are the temptations of the keen officer, but the best will resist them. It is so easy for a keen officer to regard his body of troops as a solid block that should occupy a certain position at a certain time. One may hear the keen officer cursing his men for marching slow, while he quite forgets that all the men carry rifles, and he only a silly sword. Or one may see him fidgeting on his horse and wondering why the men on foot fall out, while he is fresh and lusty as an eagle. You may even see him rushing in a motor over miles of country, and champing with impatience because the infantry hardly seem to crawl. It all comes from the same mistake: a body of troops is not a solid block, like a thing you can paint red or blue on a map. You may call the common soldiers "chair à canon," "Kanonenfutter," "food for powder," or what you like; they are the pawns that make up the body of troops which should occupy a certain position at a certain time, and each one of these pawns is human. A tight collar chokes him, stiff trousers chafe his legs, ammunition boots blister his feet, haversack and waterbottle drag his shoulders, ammunition pouches pull his belt, his leggings come unlaced, he grunts under his rifle; if a diet of spuds and shackles does not suit him, his inside lets him know; far beyond all thought of reaching a position grows his longing for a drink; far beyond his interest in the enemy is his objection to a sopping skin; and the worst horror of his warfare is the moment when the Rouse blows wheezily, and he awakes stiff and cold upon a wet hillside, better fitted for a cow than a man.

This is the element that Territorial officers, inspired with new zeal, forget. Most officers forget it, but in Territorials the mistake is more serious. For the Territorial private suffers a greater shock at awaking drenched to the skin upon the heather instead of in his nice suburban bed, and has more doubts whether the whole performance is worth the pains. After all, it is so easy not to be a Territorial private, and, instead of spuds and shackles in the rain, to take one's brief and only holiday over shrimps and tea, wearing a nice girl's hat in the usual manner. In any case, whatever laws and regulations may say, we cannot seriously regret that now and again, as in the Isle of Man, the pawns display a kick of humanity, and remind their officers that our army, for all its obedience, is something different from the lead soldiers all made in Germany at sixpence a box. For, unlike a sycophant or a Government majority, our army is not a long worm that has no turning.

#### THE MIND OF ST. PAUL.

It is no easy task, though it cannot be said to be one without interest, to try to discover how another man thinks. What he thinks, he will tell you, with words or without them; whether he wishes you to know or not, is not always of consequence; you will know, if it matters to you to know, or if the man matters. But how he thinks is a different question.

From the days of Socrates with his *diamonion* (whatever it was) there have been men whose best thoughts seem to come from without—"monitions" or "stops." Stephen Grellet had "monitions" to do this or do that; he obliged, and, later on, cause appeared. At least this sometimes followed, and in such cases an instance where an irrational impulse (as some would say) or a monition (as Grellet and others would put it), which is in the end justified by circumstances unknown at the moment, counts more than a dozen that come to nothing. Other men again never seem to themselves to decide to do anything. Slowly out of a mist of indistinct considerations something emerges to be done—not with any clamant insistence about it, but nothing else seems obvious; the man takes this course, and is justified in the end. There seems to be a wide gulf between the two types—one man, hit by a thought as if by a bullet; the other, conscious of no special guidance, but somehow finding himself doing the right thing.

There cannot be many books in which a man unveils his processes of thought with such vividness and interest as Bunyan does in his "Grace Abounding" and his "Pilgrim's Progress." The exhibition of the mere action of his own mind was no intention of his in writing; and hence the clear picture he gives of it is the more convincing. Faithfully and steadily he sets forth the story of his conversion and his long wrestle with many strange temptations. The temptations take various forms. "Satan strongly suggested," we are told, and then again Bunyan's "thoughts" did "roar and bellow within me like masterless hell-hounds." Satan was obviously not John Bunyan; were the thoughts that "roared and bellowed within him" John Bunyan or not John Bunyan?

In the "Pilgrim's Progress" he gives, after an interval of some twelve years, a further view of them. Bunyan used italics rather freely in the books he saw through the press, but printers have removed them too often with his vagaries of spelling and other things, such as the fact that the lock of the outer gate of Doubting Castle "went damnable hard." It is worth while to use an edition like that of the "Cambridge English Classics" to see how near one can get to Bunyan's mind. Accordingly, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we find a whole paragraph italicised, in which Bunyan says that he saw how fiends stepped up behind poor Christian and whispered many grievous blasphemies into his ear, and Christian imagined they were his own thoughts, and "was more put to it" than in any former trouble; and yet it was not his doing, for he did not see the fiends, and (naturally) did not think of stopping his ears.

It is clear that Bunyan wishes to convey his belief that a man is not responsible for all that comes into his head, and holds that thoughts are in their way independent things. A similar view—or something like it—is implied in the phrase attributed to Luther, to the effect that certain words or thoughts have "hands and feet"—they can lay hold of a man and carry him away in a direction which is theirs and not his. For it is strange how when once a thought is formed in words, or imagined into a picture, it dominates the mind in which it rose as easily as it may one to which it is suggested.

This is observable; the ancients saw it and had a simple psychology to account for it, attributing the acts and words of a man, possessed (the very English word suggests what is coming) by anger, or love (as by wine), not to himself, but to a spirit, a daemon, or a god, or "something not himself." Luther, further, in this matter says, and it is a comforting reflection, that a man cannot help a bird flying over his head, but he can stop it from building its nest in his hair. The thought may be independent enough, but there are limits to its independence; you come in with rights and powers of your own against your own thought.

This feeling that one's thoughts are another's, that they come from without—of what kind of mind is it the mark? Good thoughts or bad they may be. Plato suggests after his curious fashion—playful, ironical, serious, which is he?—that poetry comes to a man in this way; a man who "approaches the gates of the Muses

without madness," sober and in possession of his own mind, will not produce great poetry; he will be eclipsed by the "madman," and madness means another mind from without. Philo, four hundred years later than Plato, a contemporary of Paul's, records the same sort of experience; sometimes he "saw clearly" what to say, but "the womb of his soul was closed"; while at other times he "came empty and suddenly was full, as thoughts were imperceptibly sowed and snowed upon him from above," and as if divinely possessed and "corybantic" he wrote, forgetful of self, place, and writing itself. One feels that it is the vivid thought that startles a man which he thus attributes to another mind without him; and one wonders whether it is not after all very often a better type of human brain that has this belief, or fancy, or whatever it is—that has, at all events, the experience that gives rise to it, fancy or belief. It often goes with a certain quickness and sureness of perception, an almost painfully intense realisation of the thing in the very colors and movements of life.

As one reads St. Paul's epistles, one feels that his thinking is done—achieves itself—in some such way. The extraordinary quickness of it is noticeable in the strange and flashing tangents at which he moves. Had he, for example, been careless of the feelings of his friends at Corinth, who hoped he would come again? "No, he had not been a Yes-and-No man—as God is faithful, our word to you is not Yes-and-No; the Son of God, Christ Jesus, preached among you by us, was not Yes-and-No, but Yes was in Him"; and Paul is flung off on the now familiar thought that in Christ is the Yes of God's promises. This is tangent-thinking indeed. Another of his most famous passages will occur to the reader—at the end of Galatians—a very characteristic piece. The amanuensis lays down the pen; Paul takes it, writes a few large letters in his own hand—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world." Celsus says in the second century that every Christian of every school quoted this text—and it was written, one might say, by accident.

There is again to be noted the intensity with which he thinks and sees. One conceives he was a man of passionate friendships—liable to feel solitude peculiarly. He has "no rest for his spirit" in the Troad, "though a door is opened in the Lord," for want of Titus; and he goes to Macedonia and finds him—"thank God who always maketh us to triumph in Christ"; and, a little further on, two chapters are full of "the presence of Titus" and the comfort of his presence, and Paul's joy in the "joy of Titus." One wonders, sometimes, if the Epistles to Timothy and Titus are not in their present form to be reckoned Pauline. What an artist it was who got so much of Paul's ways of mind worked into them, unless he had a basis of real Pauline writing to work on! "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens has gone to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia; only Luke is with me." Or again, take the passage, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites." What does such writing mean? What sort of nature does it imply? What intensity of quick feeling, realisation, imagination!

A reference to a Greek concordance displays a curious trait of Paul's mind in the frequent use he makes of the verb *perisseuo*, of the adverbs and adjectives, &c. belonging to it, and of the forms heightened with the prepositions *hyper* and *ecce*. This sounds perhaps a little technical, but there the words are. When he is overburdened, it is "to hyperbole beyond strength"; and when he knows the grace of God it "abounds" and "exceedingly abounds," and God does "exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think." What does it mean? Paul uses superlatives, some say—loves a heightened form of expression; and they add—it is a pity to exaggerate. But does he? Is he one of our friends who say "awfully" when they mean "rather"? Do such people ever see things in their startling truth as Paul does? Shall we tell Wordsworth that "the sounding cataract" did not "haunt him like a pas-

sion"—he merely "rather liked" it? But it is not merely from "rather liking" that poetry comes, but from the intense realisation of value that to some seems superlative and exaggerative. If a thing is to be known, it must surely be in all its richness of meaning and abundance of suggestion. Paul does not see too much; it is his critics who see too little. Things "mean intensely" to him, in Browning's phrase. This is why his system and his theology are so hard to fix. Like Plato, he keeps on realising fresh things, and old things over again in a fresh way.

Curiously, he twice lets fall a hint as to his thoughts and their independent ways. He speaks of the warfare of the soul—bringing down calculations or imaginations (A.V.), and "taking captive every thought into obedience of Christ." The campaign which a man may have to carry on against his own thoughts, whether "masterless hell-hounds" or the products of his own mind, is familiar to many beside John Bunyan. To subdue them is no easy task. Paul, however, speaks of the union of prayer and thanksgiving as the antidote of care; and then, he says, "the peace of God which passes all understanding will keep your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." The natural translation brings out a suggestion of thoughts and their need of control and keeping, and it lends force to the statement that the "peace of God" can keep what man finds so hard to master.

Paul, again, has constantly the feeling that his guidance comes from without. Luke, who knew him well, catches this point and brings it out at once in the narrative of the conversion. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" asks Paul. "Go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." It is a curious picture of a life's work, carried through in dependence upon repeated guidance and fresh instructions. All through the Acts this is emphasised, and Paul in his own writings lays stress on the fact that he is a servant under the necessity of obedience—"necessity is laid upon him"; he is the "slave" of Christ Jesus, he says at the beginning of these epistles and elsewhere; and the word "Lord," as associated with Jesus, is a favorite with him. He is solitary and defenceless, "but the Lord stood with me and strengthened me." Guidance never fails to come, and strength is always given, not stintedly but in abundance. It is his clear sense of the immensity of his task that enables him to realise the still greater force that is behind him and within him.

#### ON SOME OLD-FASHIONED PHRASES.

It is interesting to compare the language commonly written and spoken in twentieth-century England with what we may call the English of literature—we mean of literature which has stood the test of time, if only of sixty or seventy years; the English used, say, by Sir Thomas Browne, or Charles Lamb, or Sheridan, or Dr. Newman. We mention the last writer because it was recently our lot to re-read his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." As we read the book, the thought that again and again recurred was, "This is the English we used to hear spoken as boys—the English of a generation ago." The vocabulary is infinitely richer and more varied. A steady process seems to have set in of the elimination of all but strictly utilitarian words. There is a dying-out in speech of all that is contemplative and leisurely, as well as of all picturesqueness of thought and expression.

Let anyone who doubts this read a leading article in any newspaper of to-day, and then a page or two of Dr. Newman's, written, say, in 1850, and note the kind of words used in each—not the style, but the bare words. The newspaper English is the English of people up to their eyes in work and in a tearing hurry. Any word implying remote and tranquil detachment of mind has little chance of survival in the English of to-day. There are words used constantly a generation ago which are almost never heard, and very seldom written, at the present time. To give an example: five and twenty years

ago the word "whimsical" was the commonest of words. The experience of others may be different, but the writer is confident he has not heard it cross any human lips for the last fifteen years. It is the word of the people who have time to watch the human spectacle, and to be amused by it, and who look on life with kindly eyes. Open one of the old essayists or playwrights or divines at random, and you are almost sure to come across it. Let us give an instance from our own experience. After hunting through the daily papers day by day for a week in search of it—of course, in vain—on the Saturday the writer attended a school "speech day," settled himself in his place to listen to the elocution of Revelly Major and Bridges Minor, and they had not gone on for five minutes before he pricked up his ears. "The whimsical old fellow," said Sir Charles Surface. Open a volume of Smollett, and it is literally the first word that catches the eye. A leisurely word belonging to a leisurely world—a world of stage coaches, and strolling players, and country inns, and grey college walls with much snap-dragon growing upon them. In such a world the old word-jewellers exercised their craft.

There existed in Victorian England a treasure of vivid and picturesque colloquial speech, which is either altogether lost, or is well on the way to be so. It may not be without interest to note some of the proverbial phrases which were in constant use thirty years ago. Many of them, of course, are still to be heard, though always more rarely. "Blind man's holiday," an old woman would say, as she laid down her knitting in the twilight. (Talking of twilight, the French "entre chien et loup" is a wonderful phrase. No doubt in Old France, as in India to-day, the domestic animals were abroad in the daytime, the beasts of prey at night. "A wolf of the evenings shall spoil them," the Bible says.) Again, a crying child would be spoken of as "Peter Greivous." One phrase of Dr. Newman's carried us back to our earliest days. We forget the context—he is probably talking of the impenetrability of heretics—but he says "it is piercing to think," where a writer of to-day would say "it is shocking" or "it is distressing." How much duller and tamer the new phrases are! It seems to us, as we look back, that there was thrown over ordinary talk a tinge of romance and faëry altogether lacking in the hard, practical speech of to-day. "The Man in the Moon," "the Flying Dutchman," "the Wandering Jew" were all frequently referred to. A circus clown was a "Merry Andrew"—an altogether delightful word. "Pleasuring" was a beautiful word for the banal "trip," "treat," or "outing" of to-day.

An exclamation in very common use was, "Oh! my stars and garters." Another, not so common, was, "Deuce and tray." This, probably, proves, as against Skeat, that "the deuce" is not a perversion of "Deus," a medieval oath, but is connected with cards or dice. It was possibly originally the angry exclamation of someone to whom the lowest card in the pack had been dealt, and so "What the deuce" came to mean "The Diamine," "What the devil." "Was Henker," "What the hangman" is the German phrase. Nothing is more striking than the way in which the old humorous, half-terrified, half-contemptuous, not altogether unkindly way of speaking about the devil has vanished from the popular speech. He was "Old Nick," "Old Harry," "The Old Gentleman," in the South of England, "Auld Nickie Ben" in Scotland, "T' auld 'un," "T' auld lad," in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Norman and Breton peasants spoke of him as "l'Autre." He was "Janicot" in Provence. But now, at any rate in England, the hungry generations of the board schools tread him down, and the old half-affectionate appellations for "The Other," the grudging elder brother of mankind, are heard no more. It always pleases one to hear, as one still sometimes does, the vivacious "Fiddlesticks," instead of the merely irritated "Nonsense." The drearily monotonous "What time is it?" has altogether supplanted the Shakespearean "What's o'clock?" which at once calls up a concrete image.

It is many years since the writer heard anybody say, "Up to snuff," at one time the most everyday of

phrases. It would be said of a quick-tempered man, "He's too hot to wear a sword"—a delightfully picturesque expression which used to bring all Dumas before one's wondering eyes. "At daggers drawn" still transports one to the days of the King Maker as often as one hears it. "To puff like a grampus" called up the "Gran pez" of Spanish sailors, puffing and tumbling in blue tropic seas. "By the Lord Harry" must surely have come down from the blithe days of Prince Hal. The writer remembers when it was a common expression. Frequent references to "A rod in pickle" and "The dunce's cap" recalled the wholesome discipline of by-gone times. At the present day one might as well look for a san benito as for a dunce's cap in one of our elementary schools. The picturesque old-world methods have given way to what is probably called "scientific penology." "His trumpeter's dead" may still be heard in lonely farmhouses, and where gossips meet in out-of-the-way market towns. It smacks of Petworth market day. One sees the little, pompous, strutting figure, attended by the solemn functionary in his slashed coat of black and red, with the trumpet, and then one hears the shrill blast. The three words are a picture in themselves, and form an amazing piece of evidence as to the vivacity of mind the "common people" once possessed. This vivacity is what makes the talk of Tuscan peasants so delightful, and, one may add, what makes the reading of French newspapers such a pleasure. A French journalist will say, "The time ran like a stag," instead of merely saying that it went quickly. Of old, words were coined in this vivacious way. "To hector," for instance, was probably the coinage of the "common people," who had seen the magnificent hero swagger on the Elizabethan stage. In present-day England it is difficult to imagine a new piece of machinery being christened a "spinning jenny." This sprightliness still sometimes flashes out, though it was in Ireland that Mr. W. B. Yeats heard the old people in the work-house described as "like flies in winter." The writer has heard a little girl say to an elder sister dressed for a party, "Oh! you peacock."

Talking of fine clothes, "as fine as fivepence" is a phrase which one never remembers to have heard, though one finds it in old books. It calls up the atmosphere of Jane Austen's England. "Pleased as Punch" is a happy little proverb, brimming over with kindness and laughter. It would seem to be impossible to use it without being in charity with one's neighbors. A villain meditating some dark deed, or a sour, malicious fanatic could no more say "As pleased as Punch" than he could whistle or sing. The writer suspects the phrase has never been used without a smile of sympathy with smiling. The French "Il est aux anges," for "He is in raptures," is very charming, and calls up the happy riot of the angels in old pictures of the Nativity, with their bagpipes and blithe carols of angelic mirth. "He doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels" is more prosaic, but still sympathetic with happiness. "As good as gold" is still common, but is not nearly so felicitous as the French "Bon comme du pain," or the Spanish "Bueno como pan," with their wise teaching of the goodness of common things. But "As good as bread" was never an English phrase. "Short shrift" one still hears now and again, though its meaning cannot be very generally understood. It is one of the innumerable phrases coming from the Catholic tradition, at one time constantly in everybody's mouth. "From now till Doomsday" was once the commonest of sayings. The Russian equivalent for it, by the way, is, "From now till the Second Coming." "A red-letter day," as everyone knows, is a feast-day printed in red letters in the calendar—"a day for copes," as the Canon says in Browning. "From pillar to post" may, perhaps, have come from the journeys hither and thither in the story of the Passion. The writer remembers, as a boy in Sussex, hearing a proverb about "Going to heaven in silver slippers," which he has never heard since. "Non si va in Paradiso in carrozza," Tuscans say. Puritanism probably despoiled the English language of the element of color derived from the old popular familiarity with the things of religion. There is a

whole class of words and phrases which, perhaps, are almost profane, but one never comes across them in any European tongue without a peculiar pleasure, as when, for instance, the after-dinner coffee is called the "Gloria."

How old they are, these vivid English phrases, some of them happily still familiar! "If Herod hear of this he will anon jump out of his skin," we read in the Chester Mysteries, written in the early fourteenth century. So, "shaking in his shoes," "sent him into the middle of next week," "knocked him into a cocked hat," are centuries old, some more, some less. The people who coined them were not dull and spiritless, but full of the joy of living.

English is rich in happily invented compound phrases, which at present are very rarely used. The first that comes to mind is "hail-fellow-well-met." "He's hail-fellow-well-met with everybody" is much more felicitous than the dull "he's on good terms with everybody." "Happy-go-lucky" is a kindly phrase which might be used by some moralist "without the heart to scold," not too severe on the Dick Swivellers and Micawbers of this world. "Cap-in-hand" is the very phrase to describe Gil Blas, approaching some new patron. "Tail-on-end" is admirably expressive of wide-awake alertness. Another example is "fly-by-night" in the sense of "flighty." It tells its own tale of darkness. As one hears it, one is high above the town and steeple, and the midnight air is thick with broomsticks, the chariots of witches and wizards flocking from all quarters, and gathering to the Sabbath. There is a great deal of human history enshrined in these vanished or vanishing fragments of speech.

These words and phrases are full of vigor and sanity, and of a sturdy common sense. What healthy irony there is in "You've brought your pigs to a pretty market," or "Your noble's come to a ninepence." This is the speech of English yeomen. "Trencherman" was a capital word for a great eater. It has quite gone out of use. "Mumchance" one never hears at present. "In the cold refectory you must sit mumchance," says Denis of Burgundy in the very best of all romances. "Gingerly," again, one very seldom hears. But how delightful to hear it or come across it in a book instead of the dull and decorous "cautiously." Once more, "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers" cannot be bettered as a description of the multitude. "Tag, rag, and bob-tail" is more unkind. "The rabble-babble" is an admirable word coined by Mr. Henry James. But few people invent words or phrases nowadays. "Thick as thieves," "drunk as a fiddler," "cat-and-dog life," all come from the language of people with sound bodies and sound minds, who lived with animals, and danced on village greens, and attended country fairs, when there were fairs to attend.

We are often blind to the poetry of this old-world popular speech. "When my ship comes home" is a poem in itself. It is the ship of all romance, the Argo bringing home the Golden Fleece. As we see the magic ship, it comes to a house of English children, laden with Eastern silks and oranges from Spain, gliding on some clear stream through banks of meadow.

Old-fashioned phrases are like old-fashioned trees and flowers. Amid gum trees and eucalyptus, how must the exile long for some old garden, with limes and mulberries, walnuts and horse chestnuts, every fruitful and flowering and fragrant tree! Or, amid the hot and scentless glare of zinnias and dahlias, begonias and calceolarias, with what refreshment and delight does one turn to pinks and lavender, honeysuckle and southernwood! The writer is old enough to remember when people always spoke of a "nosegay," instead of, as we say now, a "bouquet." Perhaps it is thought indelicate to admit that we have noses, but "nosegay" makes it clear that fragrance is the first duty of a flower. "The bride carried a costly bouquet of exotics" the reporters are always telling us, and that is the right kind of English to describe that kind of flower. Language without color, or association, or romance, is like a flower without perfume.

## Letters from the Empire.

### THE RECIPROCITY MOVEMENT IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest those zealots who declare Canada to be a solid unit for Protection to learn that a Free Trade League has been founded, with Winnipeg as its headquarters, and is already meeting with surprising sympathy and success for a country in which Free Trade is supposed to be a dead letter. During its brief existence people have been applying to join it from all parts of Canada, and there will apparently be no lack of adherents. Its birth was almost coincident with the death of Goldwin Smith; but it may yet serve to prove that he did not live in vain. Organised as it is on a non-partisan basis, the League intends to prosecute a vigorous campaign on behalf of Free Trade, and has available for its purpose such newspapers as the Winnipeg "Tribune," the Toronto "Sun," the "Grain Growers' Guide," and the "Farm and Ranch Review" of Calgary. Many of the officials of the Farmers' Associations have joined it, and have promised to secure the co-operation of their respective organisations; when this has been accomplished the membership of the League will number thousands, and will constitute a political force which no party can disregard. There are still many theoretical Free Traders among the official Liberal leaders, but they have hitherto capitulated to the Protectionist Liberals of Ontario, simply because the voice of the agricultural Free Trade element was silent through lack of organisation. In the future the Liberal leaders may realise that Free Trade will gain more votes for the party than it can lose, and, like the good opportunists that they are, will arrange their programme accordingly.

It is presumed that there will be strong opposition from the majority of the Press, controlled as it is in many cases by capitalist interests; but this too is doubtful. American manufacturers and merchants hold Rooseveltian views on the efficacy of advertisement, and spend enormous sums on it; their Canadian brethren, on the other hand, secure in their monopoly, have neglected this side of business. Closer reciprocity undoubtedly means a huge flood of American advertisements for Canadian papers, and it will be hard to resist such gifts from the gods. The Protectionists are supposed to control the Eastern Press, but, in some cases at least, affection for a high tariff may be tempered by the prospect of increased profits. The Canadian manufacturer ceased to be generous to the Press once his position was, as he thought, secure, and in general he has been more successful in making dividends than friends.

The Anti-tariff agitation in the United States has not failed to exercise great influence on Canadian opinion, and all the pratings of the "Pioneers" and other hiring chivalry of Tariff Reform will not wipe out the fact that Free Trade feeling in Canada grows every day. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, whose criminal selfishness is even more appalling than its plutocratic arrogance, may soon have troubles of its own, and may require to concentrate its forces for home defence, instead of sending forth sapient skirmishers like Mr. Cockshutt of Brantford to assist its British allies.

Naturally, from the day that reciprocity negotiations were suggested, there arose the usual howls of the Tory Protectionist Press in London. The "Mail" shrieked "Menace to the Empire"; the "Morning Post" wailed about the results of apathy of the British public to Imperial Preference, and Mr. Garvin in the "Observer" lamented the seriousness of the situation, as well as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fading Imperialism.

But the impossibility of the permanent continuance of the existing trade barriers between the two great countries of North America is self-evident to all save the rabid exponents of Protectionist Imperialism. Their total disappearance may not take place for years, but sooner or later is inevitable. Consider the geographical situation. For hundreds of miles the only trace of a boundary is a line of surveyors' posts set up at

intervals, and varied by a few scattered Customs Houses. The Tweed is a far more efficacious frontier line; but as a trade barrier it is unthinkable. The farmers of Minnesota and Southern Manitoba discuss with the same accent the same grievances, and marry one another's daughters; but there the new Imperialism declares their intercourse must end. The farmer of Western Canada is probably the chief sufferer under the existing situation. The tariff wall denies him access to Chicago with his beef and cattle, and to Minneapolis with his grain, and nature has destined the Canadian North-West as the source of food supply to industrial America rather than Europe. He cannot buy his implements, clothes, and the necessities of life in the nearest and cheapest markets; he is taxed both going and coming, and the hardships which are inseparable from pioneer life have been unnecessarily increased for the sake of the dividends of Railway Corporations and the watered stocks of selfish Eastern Capitalists. The man who faces a Northern winter and rears a home on the prairie is by far a worthier figure than the office-keeping financier; but the favors of the State in Canada are all for the latter. It would indeed be grave cause for surprise if there was not a widespread protest against the perpetuation of this intolerable situation. The farmers, supported by Free Traders in general, are now demanding a stern revision of Canada's economic system, and their demands cannot in justice be refused. The Government may try to plead the revenue difficulty; but the resources of taxation in Canada are scarcely tapped. The civic authorities of Vancouver and Edmonton, who have lately adopted Henry George's single tax, will gladly explain the merit of their methods.

Inevitably, in the eyes of our Protectionist Imperialists, every Canadian Free Trader must be a traitor to the Empire, and a plotter of annexation to the United States.

The more reasonable view is that the sounder Imperialist is the man who seeks to purify Canadian public life by the removal of the corrupting influences of a high Protective Tariff and the reintroduction of the political ideals of England, of which Free Trade is perhaps the crown. A Protectionist Britain is unthinkable, and Protectionist Canada must always be nearer in national type and sympathy to Protectionist America than to Free-Trade England. But between Free-Trade England and Free-Trade Canada there would be a deep and lasting bond of common traditions, ideals and hopes for civilisation. Make Canada different from and better than the United States, and you keep them apart. Encourage her in the gross materialism which Protection fosters, and ultimate union is certain. Imperial Preference is declared to be antagonistic to Protection, but the Birmingham scheme would prove in practice to be, instead of a bond, a barrier and a perennial source of bickering. The real bonds, which "though light as gossamer threads, are strong as links of iron," are common sentiment and common ideals. A common heritage of history, literature, and song is the most potent bond of all, and as far as Canada is concerned for the purposes of Imperial union and co-operation, Miss Jessie Maclachlan, the Scottish singer, may be safely estimated as worth ten Lord Milners and the whole massed array of Leagues of Empire and Tariff Reform Associations.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. STEVENSON.

Winnipeg, Canada.

## Letters to the Editor.

### AGRICULTURAL POLICY IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Greatly against my own inclination, I ask your permission to reply to the letter of Mr. George Russell in your issue of the 6th inst.

(1) In regard to the withdrawal of the subsidy paid by the Irish Department of Agriculture to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, Mr. George Russell's history of the facts is incorrect. When I came into office in May,

1907, the state of matters was as follows:—(a) During the previous seven years a sum of £22,600 had been paid to this irresponsible body. Its agents were charged by the Irish Nationalist Party with going through the country denouncing the Nationalist leaders. A large proportion of the traders of the country, wholesale and retail, were determinedly hostile to the subsidy, holding, as I think correctly, that the State had no right to use the taxpayers' money to propagate opposition to the ordinary taxpaying traders. For several years the matter had disturbed and divided the Council of Agriculture and the Agricultural Board. The work of the Department was impeded in every part of the country because of it; and after interviewing deputations from the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society and the traders, I announced to the Council of Agriculture in November, 1907, that I had decided to withdraw the subsidy. But, in order that nothing should happen without notice, I proposed that the withdrawal should take place on a graduated scale over a period of three years—£3,000 to be paid in 1908, £2,000 in 1909, and £1,000 in 1910. This arrangement was unanimously accepted by the Council, which included a very large number of co-operators and members of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. (b) Shortly afterwards the annual meeting of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society was held in Dublin. A good deal of loose talk naturally took place at this gathering, and immediately in its wake there followed the publication of an extraordinary letter, which was furnished to the press by Mr. John Redmond, M.P. It was a communication addressed to an American gentleman by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, who stated that he was commissioned by Sir Horace Plunkett to forward a copy of the "Irish Times" containing the report of the annual meeting of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. He pointed out that this body was about to make a new departure, that the agriculturists of the country would have to choose between the Parliamentarians and the new policy, and a great deal more to the same effect. Mr. Redmond, in publishing the letter, declared that the object of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society was now clearly defined, and that the sooner the Department took action in regard to this Organisation, the better. I thereupon summoned a meeting of the Agricultural Board, whose function is the statutory one of approving or vetoing any expenditure incurred by the Department. The Board accordingly met, and, after considering Mr. Rolleston's letter, and articles of a similar purport which had appeared at various times, as well as speeches concerning the future policy of the Society, decided:—

"That the impression which these letters, articles, and speeches had created—namely, the association of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society with hostility to a political party and to certain trading interests . . . made it impossible for the Department . . . to continue their present relations with the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. It was of primary importance that the Department should be above suspicion of being involved directly or indirectly in attacks upon any political party in or out of Parliament or upon any legitimate trading interest. . . . That the aid of the Department to agricultural co-operation of a non-controversial character should henceforth be given directly, and that the arrangement of assisting the movement by means of a subsidy to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society should cease."

The Board agreed, however, that as the Society had entered into certain obligations on the strength of the subsidy, it should be continued for the remainder of the current year. For the eight years during which these financial relations existed between the two bodies, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society received close upon £30,000 from the public funds. This is the true story of the withdrawal of the subsidy. The responsibility was a joint one between myself as Vice-President and the Agricultural Board, and it will be interesting for your readers to learn the names of the gentlemen who unanimously found against the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society on that occasion. Here is the list: The Most Rev. Dr. Healy (Archbishop of Tuam), Col. N. T. Everard, H.M.L., Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth, D.L., Very Rev. Canon Daly, D.D., the Most Rev. D. Kelly (Bishop of Ross), Mr. W. McDonald (Chairman, Cork County Council), J.P., Lord Monteagle, K.P., Mr. H. de F. Montgomery, D.L., Mr. P. J. O'Neill, J.P. (Chairman, Dublin County Council), and Mr. Alex. Robb, J.P., Co. Down.

Mr. George Russell has no right, in face of the minute

adopted by the Board, to say that the subsidy was withdrawn on any other grounds save those given in the minute; and I say now that if it had not been withdrawn the work of the Department would have been still more seriously hindered and impeded throughout the country.

(2) As to the Credit Banks, the story is very concise. When I assumed office I found that the Department had been prevailed upon to lend the sum of £17,000 to Agricultural Banks and Credit Societies. Since the inception of the scheme of loans the debt has been reduced to £10,000, much of this being before my time. This has been brought about by the action of the Chief Crown Solicitor, by the Department, and by voluntary repayments. Six months ago, the Agricultural Board being dissatisfied with the system of Agricultural Credit prevailing in Ireland, I ordered an inspection to be made of the 108 banks which owed money to the Department. The result of the inquiry revealed a curious state of facts. The management and condition of 26 of these banks was reported as "satisfactory," 36 were reported as "fair," and 46 as "unsatisfactory." The system is one which cannot be defended. There is no legal power of inspection. There is no proper or systematic audit, over 100 Irish Credit Societies being two years in arrear with their statutory returns to the Registrar of Friendly Societies. 21 of those which obtained loans from the Department have been proceeded against by the Chief Crown Solicitor. In a number of cases pressure will have to be applied immediately, and in others the Department has been compelled to call up the loans. A sum of £600 is mentioned in a special minute on the report of the Department's inspector as being "bad or doubtful."

Why my conduct should be arraigned or called in question, because I assailed this system at a private and confidential meeting of the Congested Districts Board, at which a subsidy was sought for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Irish Agricultural Society in the West of Ireland—which, by the way, the Board refused to give—I cannot well make out. Mr. George Russell, in his letter to you, uses language of a very reprehensible character. He says that I denied before the House of Lords Committee that the Department had lost any money by these banks. I told the Committee what the inspector had reported to me by means of a special minute explanatory of his report. I said that no money had been "written off," that this sum of £600 was held to be "bad or doubtful," but that I had not relinquished my efforts to secure it, or as much of it as was possible. And this is what Mr. George Russell calls "a malicious statement, altogether unjustified by anything he [i.e., the witness] knew." I think a gentleman who is capable of using language of that kind in reference to the statement of the head of the Department, given in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, goes beyond either his legal or his moral right, and he is not in a position to ask for courtesy in return. He has a right to assail my policy. The House of Commons gave him his answer on that policy when the motion to reduce my salary, mainly on the question of these banks, was defeated by a majority of 104.

Finally, let me say that when I withdrew the subsidy and the Agricultural Board vetoed the expenditure, I expressed to the co-operators on the Board my desire to give the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society a fair field. I said the Department had enough to do without entering upon this special work of co-operative effort, but that I reserved to myself the right to enter upon that path at any time when I deemed it necessary to do so. The Department is endowed by the State for the work of agricultural development. Sir Horace Plunkett, in the exercise of his discretion, handed this branch of agricultural development entirely over to an irresponsible body, against which the entire Nationalist Party and the overwhelming majority of the traders of the country strongly and stoutly protested. I have had no desire to interfere with the Society, but they have thought fit to declare war against the Department in more ways than one; and it is now my duty to say that whilst nothing will induce me to sanction any policy of co-operative effort that will bring me into collision with the traders of the country, I propose in due course to lay before the Council of Agriculture and the Agricultural Board a proposal for the development of a sound system of Agricultural Credit in this country, and for the promotion of

non-controversial co-operation, such as may be applicable to the marketing of produce, the founding and carrying out to a successful issue an Irish dead meat trade, and other lines along which this policy can be worked without, as I say, coming into collision with either wholesale or retail traders. There is a wide field here for Departmental action, and when this policy is made public it will no longer be possible to say that the Department is hostile to co-operation. Co-operation is one thing. A State subsidy to an irresponsible Society is a wholly different thing. As an illustration of what went on before the subsidy was stopped, I will close with the following incident. I paid a visit on official business to the Counties of Wexford, Waterford, and Cork a few weeks ago. I there met a Roman Catholic clergyman whose enthusiasm for the work of agricultural development is unique. I travelled over with him what was once the Ponsonby Estate. I had seen it twenty-five years previously, when many of the tenants were in gaol—at the time when the Plan of Campaign was in operation. I saw it now transformed. The occupiers were the owners of their holdings. They grow early potatoes for the Glasgow market, for which they get £30 an acre, and have a second or "catch" crop of cauliflowers in succession. The Department originated this development. Father Ahern, the Curate of Youghal, is now its life and soul. He told me, quite unsolicited, that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society agents had come there to meetings, one in 1906 and another in 1907, at both of which he was in the chair, and they told the people that they must oppose and break with the Nationalist Party, and follow the policy of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. This was not news to me. I had heard the same thing many times before. A few days after my return I wrote asking Father Ahern if he had any objection to his statements to me being used publicly, if occasion should arise. He replied by telegram "None." I now take advantage of his permission, and I tell the readers of THE NATION that this is a fair sample of the class of work which went on in the country before the withdrawal of the subsidy, and which compelled me, and compelled the Agricultural Board, to cancel the subsidy, and to sever the relations between the two bodies.

You can understand the reluctance that I have in dragging all this out at this time of day; but not content with "queering the pitch" here, Mr. George Russell is endeavoring to capture the Liberals in England for a policy which would be fatal to the great work of agricultural development now going forward in Ireland by leaps and bounds. I have stood a good deal of criticism at home that the old Adam within me would have liked to reply to. It can be left to the people who know. But when I am criticised in England, it is different, and I thus venture to trouble you with the only communication which I shall make on the subject.—Yours, &c.,

T. W. RUSSELL.

Dublin, August 10th, 1910.

## THE PEACE CONGRESS IN STOCKHOLM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The International Peace Congress, as an annual expression of the mentality of the bodies which, especially in Europe and the United States, devote themselves to various kinds of effort to obtain a better organisation of State relations and a better temper among the peoples, changes its characteristics from year to year as the kaleidoscope of world-politics turns, as the old leaders disappear, and as we move from one land to another. This year there is no Frédéric Passy, no Moneta, no Baroness von Suttner, and England contributes no considerable personality. But the Congress gathers numbers—there are 800 delegates at Stockholm, representing over twenty countries—it speaks with a more confident note and a wider grasp of its subject, and it is taken more seriously by statesmen and the Press. The Swedes are a proud, upstanding folk, who have not forgotten their military traditions, and the feeling between Sweden and Norway is still not quite what it should be on either side. Yet Stockholm has welcomed the pacifists with extraordinary cordiality, the King setting an example of hospitality, the Foreign Minister protesting the nation's sympathy, meeting-halls (including the old House of Lords) and churches being crowded, and the newspapers full of reports

and illustrations. In France we are under the dominance of Latin logic and rhetoric; in Germany (but there is a deep change for the better in progress) we have to face a rather timorous regard for constituted authorities and warlike memories; in England Ministers patronise us, and go away to bow their heads before the latest Navy scare; in America the difficulty is to make the people realise the divisions of old Europe and their danger. In this lovely land of fell and fiord, the recent division of the Crown, the burden of military service, and a high level of popular education give point to the cry of all sane men in our day for a cessation of war and the preparations for war. It is natural that Sweden, set between the incalculable quantities of Russia and Germany, should demand an assured peace, and the consciousness of this great need of the time appears to be universal here.

Preparations for the Third Hague Conference, obligatory arbitration, the so-called "right of legitimate defence" (a vexed question in the Latin countries, which the more practical Teutons and Northmen prefer to leave on the lap of the gods), the fate of certain oppressed peoples, and various matters of propaganda and organisation occupied us. But two questions easily rose into the front place—the limitation of armaments and the threatened destruction of the freedom of Finland. The first was regarded as a problem mainly dependent on England and Germany—ten years ago even, in the International Peace Congress, it was only a minority that thought a concerted truce possible; now it is demanded with virtual unanimity and with burning earnestness. The initiative of the President and Congress of the United States in appointing an official Commission (of which, I believe, Mr. Roosevelt will not be a member) to study the technical questions involved was taken as the beginning of a practical start in this difficult enterprise; and during the next year the Governments of Great Britain and several European countries will be asked by their national peace groups to appoint similar Commissions, so that by, if not before, the Third Hague Conference the data for an international agreement may be in hand. The Finnish debate was rendered the more interesting by the fact that, the Russian Government having at last permitted the establishment of two Peace societies, there were present a number of Russian delegates (including Prince P. Dolgoroukoff, the Cadet leader, and Mr. Ephrimoff, a member of the Duma), as well as the eminent statesman, Dr. Mechelin, and other Finnish delegates. On the motion of the French Professor Ruysen, and amid much enthusiasm, a resolution was adopted endorsing the recent memorial of Professor Westlake and other international lawyers, and expressing the hope that the status of Finland would not be altered without the consent of its people.

Count Gubernatis brought an invitation, with the support of Signor Luzzatti, the Italian Premier, and it is accordingly in Rome that the Nineteenth International Peace Congress will meet next year.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

Stockholm, August 6th, 1910.

#### "NATURE" AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of August 6th a correspondent signing himself "Mere Man" asserts that women are disqualified by nature from acting as soldiers, sailors, policemen, lawyers, doctors (except for female diseases), priests, preachers, hawkers, financiers, and engineers.

Now, "Mere Man" cannot intend these assertions to be literally and absolutely true of all the professions he cites, since there are at this moment (in spite of man-made customs and barriers) women who practise, with more or less success, the professions of doctors, bankers, solicitors, accountants, preachers, not to mention other professions of equal service to the State, such as those of teachers, political organisers, factory and sanitary inspectors.

He must rather mean that the average woman is not equally qualified with the average man to perform these services. So that, when he proceeds to deduce from woman's comparative disqualification in these respects her total disqualification for the franchise, he ought also to disbar from the franchise every man who does not possess professional capacities greater than those of any woman.—Yours, &c.,

August 7th, 1910.

MERE WOMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All supporters of women's claim to citizenship will thank you for publishing last Saturday the letter by an anonymous "Mere Man," on what he calls "two aspects anent female suffrage." There is nothing like an anti-suffragist to win us converts, and this is about as typical an "anti" as could be found.

What the two aspects are is not clear from his letter, for he mentions about half a dozen aspects, and some of them seem to me unintelligible. But in the general muddle one paragraph appears to have a fairly definite meaning. He says that the suffrage is based on power to serve the State, and that "a woman is disqualified by nature from acting as soldier, sailor," tinker, tailor, butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, and various other things that he specifies. Surely these, he says, are serious disqualifications from service to the State? Has he never heard of working women, women teachers, women civil servants, women nurses, women shop assistants, or textile operatives? Has he never heard of mothers? Do not mothers serve the State at least as well as soldiers, sailors, and all the rest of us? What would the State do without them?—as Mr. Squeers said of Nature.

But, indeed, the arguments of the "anti" are a perpetual joy. Let us have as many as you possibly can. Writers like a "Mere Man" do more to expose the weakness of the opposition than a legion of suffragettes.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead,  
August 10th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Mere Man" who, with the modesty so characteristic of the Anti-Suffragist, writes anonymously in your issue of August 6th, should have signed himself "Rip Van Winkle." His blinking eyes are scarcely yet awake to the fact that Nature (poor, dear, ill-used Nature!) has nothing to do with the disqualifications under which women labor as regards being lawyers, doctors, priests, preachers, financiers, or bankers. As for the other trades and professions from which "Nature" bars women out, one is disposed to think that a really economical division of labor will leave the policing and fighting and the heavy manual work to men; what amazes a "mere woman" is that men should bother so much to make laws to re-inforce Nature, and should be so absurdly anxious lest, in a state of nature, women should at once proceed to "disobey the laws of Nature"—whatever that may mean. I pass over the fatuousness of the remark that a woman can only be a doctor "in a limited way, for female diseases"—women and children being such very unimportant items in the population—to touch ever so shortly on two only of the aged objections your correspondent makes. The test he brings for the granting of the suffrage is "power to serve the State." It is hard to see how the State could exist at all without the service of women, willing, loving, and self-sacrificing as it is, in the bearing, rearing, and educating of children.

Men rather than women excel in many of the professions and trades, not because women could not follow them equally well, but precisely because so much of their time and strength is taken up by motherhood and teaching, and it is a peculiarly crude Rip, who has grown old without the wisdom of the experience of life, who cannot see that women "serve the State" at least as effectually as men by their service, a service for which men are—not relatively but absolutely—"disqualified by Nature," and which should be honored and guarded in the State, as it is by honorable men.

The suggestion that women are adequately represented by men is the other point I wish to touch upon. It is very frequently made by men, and particularly by politicians, and in reading your admirable article in this issue on "The Peril of Bureaucracy" I was reminded that one of several reasons for man's prevailing self-satisfaction is "the force which is always at work wherever one human being takes it upon himself to command another." You show how, in that Osborne case, "no prejudice, social or political, was at work. The authorities were dealing with a lad who belonged to their own world." Yes; and women do not form a "class," they "permeate all classes," and

therefore men say they "represent" them—as if the greatest bar of all were not power on the one hand, subjection on the other! You say, "Wherever two or three men are gathered together to rule, there grows up among them a sense of caste, which is the ruin of liberty." Yes; and men are the governing caste; how shall they understand women, the pariah caste? You say, "It is at its worst where the bureaucracy is foreign and marked off from its subjects by a line of color and race." No. Not at its worst; at its worst the line is that of sex. After all, there is scarcely any experience a black man can have which a white man might not have; but no man can ever know what it is like to be a woman, and to have your womanhood prescribed for you—by a Man! Nature, Mother-Nature, must laugh till she rocks, at these little men who would teach women how to be womanly!—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

64, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester,  
August 7th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, "Mere Man," reminds me of a case when the counsel for the defence began his speech with the words, "My lord, it is written in the book of Nature." "I beg your pardon," interrupted the judge, who disliked vague generalities, "upon what page?"

"Mere Man" says: "It remains a fact that a woman is disqualified by nature from acting as soldier, sailor, policeman, lawyer, doctor (except in a limited way for female diseases), priest, preacher, banker, financier, engineer; from manual trades, such as ploughman, butcher, baker, tinker, collier, or railway worker."

I take it that "being disqualified by nature" from certain occupations means that they are impossible of performance, except by persons who are "unnatural." Now, what do we find? That practically all the occupations "Mere Man" mentions as unnatural to women have been, or are being, constantly performed by them as a matter of course, in different parts of the world. Women *don't* fight, not *can't*. In times of national danger they have fought splendidly side by side with their menfolk, and the histories of most nations give us innumerable instances. The same argument would apply to their being sailors. Given a healthy, able woman, I cannot see on what grounds she is disqualified by nature from being a sailor. The appointment of a woman to the chair of anatomy at the Johns Hopkins University proves that in America, at any rate, the work of women doctors and surgeons is not considered as limited to female diseases. As a matter of fact, in all countries where women practise as doctors and surgeons, except, I think, in Russia, they pass the same examinations as the men. It is but natural that they should specialise in gynaecology. In the United States there are between three and four thousand women-clergy, and they are also doing valuable work as engineers—mining, civil, and electrical; they have achieved remarkable success as financiers and in business; there are also a thousand women barristers. From the United States census reports we read that there are half a million female farm laborers, besides firewomen, pilots, ship's carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., and they are making their way and gaining the public confidence in numberless other professions and trades. This could not be the case if these avocations were contrary to "nature." "Mere Man" chivalrously considers it "an abomination" for a woman to be a nail or chain maker, but this occupation does not strike me as any worse than covering the fields with manure, and I have watched women do this in England constantly. If chain-making is the only honorable way by which they can live, what else are they to do? I would remind "Mere Man" that in most countries it is the women who do the hand-work. In Spain they labor as beasts of burden in the mines and in the fields; in Germany and Russia they are to be seen yoked with an ox to the plough; in Japan they stand for hours in the rice-fields, up to their knees in mud, and in the mountain regions they go in search of wood and return with loads a donkey would not be ashamed of. Most of the industries of the country are carried on by them; the "Japan Mail" for July 8th, 1901, stated that six of the principal industries of the country employed 191,957 women and only 553 men. It is the American Indian women who drag the sleighs, laden with furs, from the forests to the

trading forts, often weighted with puppies and babies on their backs, while the men march magnificently in front with their guns. All this work cannot be contrary to nature, or the race would become extinct. I grant that this has no direct bearing on the demand for the vote; I am merely answering the points raised by your correspondent in the first part of his letter. To take one class out of one nation—the well-to-do women of an ancient, conservative, and highly civilised nation like ours—to deduce certain facts from their condition, and to try and fit these facts to the sex in general, is, I know, a very general, but seems to me a very faulty, way of reasoning on this subject.

"Mere Man" has missed the point when he says "the whole basis of the theory of woman's suffrage is that woman, for practical purposes, is to be treated as man." Woman is treated as man as far as duties go. She is taxed the same as man; she is punished if she breaks the laws; the State recognises no differences between them except where it is a question of civic advantages, and then the sex disqualification is advanced. The Suffragists demand that, as women are treated as citizens when it is a question of duties and responsibilities to the State, they should also be considered citizens when the performance of these duties is acknowledged and rewarded by the equivalent in rights and privileges. The first is the Parliamentary vote.—Yours, &c.,

EVELINE MITFORD.

Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, London, W.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During his sojourn in the region of the suffrage, your correspondent of last week dugged himself many pits and spent some moments in each one. May I say a word anent the deepest of them all?

The right to guide the State your correspondent justly bases on the power to serve it. Good; but now yawns the pit. Women, he continues, cannot serve the State, because they cannot be soldiers, lawyers, priests, or tinkers. The pit has not yawned in vain. And is it not indeed a pit? Was ever error like that which allows usefulness only to the trades? There are countless necessary functions, the trades apart, that women alone perform. Is not housekeeping as important as tinkering, the nursery as essential as the barracks, a cook as indispensable (and august) as a lawyer? The laundress, the governess, and the hospital nurse are supreme in their several realms, and reign there valued vassals of the community. There is no end to the list, for all the serious work of women is service to the State. But, more than that, woman's highest work is the very head and source of the State's life. She bears and rears the State's children, she has borne and reared the very traders of whom your correspondent speaks. She does not make the pots and pans, but she makes or mars the tinker; as yet she does not make the laws, but from all time she has made the lawyers. Woman makes the citizen and the statesman: does she not serve the State?

Your correspondent's contention in sum amounts to this: Woman must not sit at the supreme councils of the State because she does not make the council tables. Verily the pit is deep.—Yours, &c.,

J. FERGUSSON ROXBURGH.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am a little surprised, if I may say so, at Mr. Mason's difficulty.

Mr. Mason writes: "A rise in the prices of most commodities, which may be traced, to a considerable extent, to the large increase in the production of gold, will naturally increase the cost of government, building of warships, &c., and that, in turn, will compel Governments to increase their taxes, and, in some instances, help to increase their load of debt, rather than lighten it." I agree with the passage down to the word "taxes." Taxes would undoubtedly be increased. But then, according to the supposition, we should all have more gold to pay our taxes with. One part of Government expenditure, however, would not increase—viz.,

the interest on old debt, and to that extent the average taxpayer would make a profit.

We have by this time all learnt, or ought to have learnt, that international trade is barter; so with internal transactions. The right of the national creditor is to receive a fixed quantity of gold annually. At present that represents a certain quantity of loaves of bread, suits of clothes, &c., so that the taxpayer has practically to produce so many loaves of bread, suits of clothes, &c., for the national creditor. With depreciated gold he would have to produce a less amount of the loaves of bread, &c.

Wages may not fluctuate as rapidly as wholesale prices, though now we generally see a demand for an increase follow very closely on any trade improvement; but, rapid or slow, the correspondence seems to me to be inevitable. Hence the only interests permanently affected appear to me to be those of creditors and debtors in fixed obligations, and the average taxpayers, liable to make good the interest on national debts, seem to me to be such debtors,—Yours, &c.,

A. A. MITCHELL.

Antwerp, August 8th, 1910.

### "THE CHARACTER OF CHATTERTON."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 6th inst. the reviewer of my latest work, "The True Chatterton," goes beyond all legitimate criticism when he accuses me of ignorance, untruthfulness, and attempted fraud on the public.

When he states that, in his opinion, Chatterton's "African Eclogues" are "absurd" and my commentary upon them "uncalled for," he only displays his own mediocrity of taste; but when he continues that my words are "untrue," he exceeds the limits of decent behavior. My comments I am responsible for, but they coincide with the published opinion of Dr. Sidney Lee and other well-known scholars. When your reviewer asserts that "what is new in the book might be put into a few pages," and that I "bring forward no new evidence," he accuses me of an attempted fraud upon the public, without being able to adduce any thing in proof of his charge.

He imputes words to me that I have not written, and avers that I have omitted that which stands in my book to refute his utterly reckless assertions. An early apology is his only honorable course.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

August 9th, 1910.

[We publish Mr. Ingram's letter, but a reference to the review which he criticises will show that it does not accuse Mr. Ingram either of "untruthfulness" or of "attempted fraud on the public," or even of "ignorance." The phrase "untrue" is applied merely to the reviewer's opinion that Mr. Ingram's judgment of the "African Eclogues" is critically unsound, and the suggestion of the paucity of new matter refers to fresh Chatterton material. Mr. Ingram is, of course, entitled to show that our reviewer's statement is inaccurate, but he did not suggest, directly or indirectly, that the book was a fraud on the public. The suggestion of the article rather was that Mr. Ingram's theory of Chatterton's character was, on the whole, incorrect.—ED., *NATION*.]

### THE POPULATION QUESTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to counter the position on the population question assumed by you in your article, "The Sacrifice of Infant Life," in the current number of *THE NATION*?

You say: "To-day our primary concern is not for 'checks,' prudential or other, but for a rising birth-rate, as well as a rising standard of health and intelligence." As for the latter, we are all agreed upon that as a desideratum; it is another question whether it is more likely to accompany a high or a low birth-rate. The Malthusian case, as stated for example by Mr. J. M. Robertson, is still unassailable. You do not dispose of it by imagining what an amount of food the world could produce in the future, under circumstances not at present existing. You say that "every new life means not only a new mouth, but a new pair of

hands, and those hands, under modern conditions, are able to feed the mouth and other mouths as well." Yes, but the larger the population, the more young children there will be at any time unable to contribute anything to the feeding of their own mouths, and the lower, therefore, must be the standard of subsistence. Admitted that, with access to the land, scientific agriculture generally applied, and a general recognition of the fact that we eat too much, we should be able to maintain a population larger than the present. But for the time being we have not these things; and it is a matter for debate whether we should not be better off with a smaller population in these islands. If we had a better land system and the other ideals in existence and population increased, that would only go to prove Malthus's contention that population tends to increase in relation to food supplies, and if unchecked, tends to outstrip the means of subsistence. That is the Malthusian case, and it has never been disproved.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT E. DICK.

11, Winns Terrace, Walthamstow, N.E.,  
August 9th, 1910.

[Mrs. Solomon informs us that the article by Mr. Arnold White, criticised in her letter of August 6th, appeared in "London Opinion" of June 25th, and not in "Public Opinion," to which latter journal she attributed it.—ED., *NATION*.]

## Poetry.

### THE LOTOPHAGI.

HERE are no traffic places where men sell,  
No streets, no high-uptifted citadel,  
No craggy temple, and no harbor-quay,  
But a fair land more level than the sea,  
Where is no blemish in the fruit, nor spot  
Nor autumn: in that place decay is not,  
Nor among whirling woods do winds arise  
To shake to discord all our songs and cries,  
Nor the moon minishes, but all is far  
From hail and cloud, or soft unsteady star  
Of frost, or any portent in the skies.

Now we, above all other men, were wise  
To make that saffron-colored fruit our stay,  
And so, forgetful of our homeward way,  
In the sea-scented sands we laid us low;  
Our hands are numb with ease, our heart-beats slow,  
Seeing the long-oared ship, the glittering sail,  
And all our toil in the dark world, a tale;  
Our eyelids darken down, our voices fail  
As though the wind had borne them from the dead,  
And our words lose their meaning, often said.

We do not fear the westering Kids, nor break  
Into that long, straight road the sunsets make  
Like to a brazen pillar fallen low;  
Nor like a hopeful seed that new winds blow  
From place to place, are carried to and fro.  
On the long beach we hear the uncrested sea  
Murmur, like the far humming of a bee,  
The cataract falls as soft as smoke; for we  
Dwell in a place apart, and hidden from sight,  
Like the soft, buried moon's diffused light,  
Sucked back into the soul of all. We have  
The sound and stir of the light-bearing wave,  
Dens of divine sleep, refuges of clear  
Unintermitted thoughts that feed us here,  
Till they are lost and in that vision furled  
That in its white ring folds the dreaming world;  
For to who taste of that strange fruit, the deep  
Of Time is not as water sour with brine,  
But goeth ever onward like best wine  
Gliding through the lips of them that are asleep.

M. JOURDAIN.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Modern Outlook: Studies of English and American Tendencies." By J. A. Hobson. (Herbert & Daniel. 5s. net.)  
 "My German Year." By J. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon. 10s. net.)  
 "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad." By G. D. Abraham. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads." By O. G. Ready. (Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Rambles in Surrey." By J. Charles Cox. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "The Leading Note." By Rosalind Murray. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Études d'Histoire." Troisième Série. Par Arthur Chuquet. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Les Primitifs Allemands." Par Louis Réau. (Paris: Laurens. 2fr. 50.)  
 "Robinson." Roman. Par Alfred Capus. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Monseigneur Voyage." (Par Gaston Chérau. (Paris: Stock. 3fr. 50.)

THE great event of the coming publishing season will, of course, be the issue of the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The time of the publication will be about the beginning of November, when, in contrast with the earlier method of publishing one volume at a time, fourteen volumes of the twenty-eight will see the light, and will be followed in about three months' time by the remaining fourteen volumes, which include the Index. It may, we think, be said at once of the great venture, to which Mr. Hugh Chisholm and his able staff have devoted eight laborious years, that, first, it is essentially a new work—in one volume, for example, not more than sixteen per cent. of the old material has been used—and, secondly, that it is authoritative throughout. Its fifteen hundred contributors cover all the learned institutions of the world, and include a great body of practical workers and experts in their departments of thought and life. Many of these first-class authorities have written, not only the longer articles, but the brief notices which are usually assigned to less accomplished students. In a word, the new Encyclopædia represents a thoroughly fresh and complete work of specialisation.

THESE are the chief and most important characteristics of the literary side of the venture. The great mechanical novelty is the issue on India paper, in a form in which a volume of over nine hundred pages can be read and even turned back on its cover with the greatest ease. A further advantage is cheapness. Each volume will be issued at a little more than half the price of its predecessor.

It may safely be said that each department of knowledge which the Encyclopædia covers has been placed in the hands of writers thoroughly equipped for the task of interpreting it to the Anglo-Saxon world. We cannot give more than one or two instances, but our readers may take it that they are typical examples of the general plan. Thus the article on the Bible has been placed in the hands of a committee including both Professor Driver and Professor Sanday, and five other authors. Classified Archaeology is dealt with by Mr. D. G. Hogarth and Dr. A. J. Evans; and Professor Edward Meyer of Berlin has undertaken the entire section which deals with Ancient Persia. Again, Sir Richard Jebb's article on Greek History has been abandoned, and an elaborate new treatment, which the recent discoveries on Aegean civilisation have made necessary, has been substituted. Before Lord Kelvin died he wrote to the Editor stating that his article on Heat was out of date, and suggesting that his pupil, Professor Callendar, should rewrite it. This has been done.

ON the other hand, Mr. Chisholm has decided, we think very wisely, to retain articles of high literary merit and associations, even though they date well back into the last century. Thus the new Encyclopædia will be distinguished, like the old, by Macaulay's article on Pitt, and Swinburne's article on Mary Queen of Scots, as well as his

writings on the Elizabethan dramatists. We have no space for describing the minute efforts that have been made to prevent repetitions, but they will be found, we think, to have been very successful. The work, as a whole, is beyond doubt a very great feat of British scholarship and literary organisation.

By the way, the late King may fairly be regarded as a contributor to the new volume of the Encyclopædia. During the writing of the article on "Orders," he allowed his private collection to be photographed, and, when the illustrating blocks had been made, himself made the selection which appeared in the published article.

THE account given by Mr. Snead-Cox, in his "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," of the negotiations at Rome for the recognition of Anglican Orders, is about to be supplemented by a volume which will set forth the Anglican side of the case. The Rev. T. A. Lacey, who, with Father Puller, assisted, at their request, certain members of the Commission favorable to the Anglican claim, kept a diary during his stay at Rome, and this diary will be published by Messrs. Longmans next month. It will contain much interesting gossip on the work of the Commission day by day, and an account of the interviews of the author with several Cardinals. The diary shows how strong a feeling existed in certain Roman circles for a recognition of the Anglican claim, and how considerable was the effect produced by Gladstone's intervention. Mr. Lacey also prints a Latin pamphlet, "De re Anglicana," which he wrote to give the Cardinals an idea of the true position of the Church of England, and which elicited a reply in Italian, known as the "Risposta," from Abbot Gasquet and Monsignor Moyes.

LATER on, Lord Halifax will, it is understood, publish a book dealing with the whole history of the subject, from his first meeting with the Abbé Portal at Madeira in 1889. This volume should have an almost sensational interest, for we may presume that a number of important letters from Cardinal Rampolla and other highly placed ecclesiastics will be printed or incorporated. There is a further rumor that the Abbé Portal will write an account of the affair, explaining the attitude of those French Catholics, such as Monsignor Duchesne, who supported the Anglican contention. Whatever view be taken of the controversy, the attitude of these French scholars, which found expression even in the ultramontane "Univers," is a rare example of ecclesiastical chivalry, though neither Cardinal Vaughan nor Archbishop Benson could understand it in this light.

THE view that while Oxford produces great movements Cambridge produces great men finds support in the subjects of a volume of biographical studies by Mr. C. G. Griffin-hoofe, entitled "Celebrated Cambridge Men," which Messrs. Nisbet announce for publication in October. Mr. Griffin-hoofe's aim is to give a continuous history of the rise and expansion of Cambridge by narrating the lives of her most distinguished sons. He begins as far back as the fourteenth century, and among the names which figure in his pages are those of Latimer, Bacon, Spenser, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Dryden, Newton, Byron, Thackeray, and Tennyson.

A WELCOME addition to Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library" will be Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," which will form one of the volumes in the next instalment of that series. The "Lives" originally appeared as prefaces to the volumes of Ballantyne's "Novelist's Library," and were first collected by Galigiani, who issued a pirated edition of them in Paris. They are models of their kind. Lockhart justly says that in them Scott combines "all the graces of his easy narrative with a perpetual stream of deep and gentle wisdom in commenting on the tempers and fortunes of his best predecessors in novel literature, and also with expositions of his own critical views, which prove how profoundly he had investigated the principles and practice of those masters before he struck out a new path for himself." Scott does not seem to have set great value upon them, for he told Lady Louisa Stuart that they were "rather flimsily written being done merely to oblige a friend."

## Reviews.

## WALTER HEADLAM.\*

THIS book forms sad reading. Great as Walter Headlam's actual achievement was in Greek scholarship, his promise was very much greater, and every chapter of his biography will bring back to those scholars who knew him their old feeling of disappointed hopes. And there is another disappointment too. There is plenty of charm in this book, the charm of an atmosphere of ancient English scholarship, ripe, vigorous, unconsciously severe and exclusive, full of poetry and letters and wit, with the faint flavor of a bishop on one side and a fox-hunting squire on the other. And, of course, one feels in the midst of the atmosphere a man of most exceptional gifts. Yet there is something that has evaporated and gone a little flat.

The writing of a memoir is proverbially a difficult and a chancy piece of work. It seems to me that in this case the writer has done his work very well. The adoration of a younger brother has not lamed his style or made him try to substitute a wax idol for the human being whom he wishes to describe, with his great powers, his charm, and his many quaintnesses. There is, perhaps, a slight strain in the note of praise here and there. Headlam was not very like the great Bentley, though perhaps a little more so than the average of those who are in due ritual compared with him. (For one thing, Bentley had mighty little sense of poetry.) Then it would be safer to treat his theories about Greek lyrics and his remarks on the principles of textual criticism as sound observations and brilliant suggestions rather than as great discoveries. But these are slight points, and the error, if it is there, is amply excusable. For, though I believe Headlam's work was in reality well recognised and admired by scholars, this admiration never took exactly a public or very tangible form, so that it is quite probable that neither he nor his closest friends realised how wide and high his reputation was. And I think the memoir has been slightly influenced by the writer's natural wish to assert his brother's genius to a world which was not really as unappreciative as he thought.

Many anecdotes in the book will delight those who knew Headlam. For instance, at one time, when he thought he was likely to die, he began at once to read Shakespeare while there was yet time. "Shakespeare," he added, "is one of the things they are likely to set." I wonder if it will much amuse other people. Then the description of his rooms in King's, rooms charged full of beauty and meaning and untidiness and some quality that made you laugh, is excellently done, and fully serves its purpose to those who knew the rooms. But in much of the narrative I have a feeling that a key is somehow lost, the key of a personality which Mr. Cecil Headlam, perhaps from knowing his brother too well, but probably just because it was in itself extraordinarily difficult to describe, has not fully succeeded in conveying to the reader.

Headlam's knowledge and understanding of Greek poetry was certainly wonderful. The precision and lucidity of his scholarship was of the very best Cambridge tradition. His range was immense, and his sensitiveness to the subtlest beauties of language, rhythm, and music amounted to genius. When I met him we always talked "shop," and I may perhaps mention here two arguments which we kept up, and in which we tried, with more or less success, to convince one another.

One was about Greek lyric poetry. Headlam once wrote to me, stating his belief that the whole conception of a Greek lyric was something quite alien from our modern idea of poetry. We demand of our poet original thought in some sense. The Greek demanded of his only the weaving of a pattern. The ideas with which the pattern was to be woven were traditional—Justice, Sin, Time, or Temptation, Pride, Time, Justice, and the like—and almost equally so were the metrical rhythms which belonged to each idea. He supported his view by taking a number of actual choric odes and showing how they could be analysed in this way. My answer was, first, to try and show poems in which stress was

laid on the ideas, and, secondly, to demur to the principle of analysis as a test. Any age of thinkers has, of course, only got a certain limited stock of ideas, and a critic living long after can, if he tries, generally succeed in showing that all their poems, or even their philosophies, consist in weaving patterns with these ideas. Some very interesting developments of this view of Headlam's are to be found in his "Praelation" for the Cambridge professorship, and in the discussion of Erös, Peitho, &c., in Cornford's "Thucydides Mythistoricus."

Another point on which, with a great fund of agreement, we used to represent different views was the theory of translation. Headlam was a most accomplished translator, a beautiful writer of verse, both in Greek and in English. And he used to maintain a somewhat rigid theory that, in translating a Greek, or any foreign, author into English, you ought to follow two rules. First, you must find an English author whose style corresponded in English development with that of the Greek author in Greek, and write in that style; secondly, a perfect translation is one which, if re-translated into the original language, would come out in the original words. My own view was more anarchical. First, there is no accurate science of translation, and the theory which these rules imply is essentially misleading. Secondly, no author exactly corresponds to another; and, even if he did, the translator, who at his best could probably not approach near the beauty of language of his original, will be very unwise to add to the burdens under which he already labors that of writing in a style which is not natural to him. Suppose—what is not true—that Aeschylus, in style, corresponds to Marlowe and Sophocles to Shakespeare; the only conclusion we can draw is that Shakespeare would have a great advantage in translating Sophocles, Marlowe in translating Aeschylus. The style of Gigadibs imitating Marlowe, in order to translate Aeschylus, is quite a different thing; inferior to Marlowe, inferior to Gigadibs himself, and consequently very unsuitable indeed for Aeschylus. And, lastly, I argued, the "perfect translation," which shall exactly represent a poem in all its details, is an impossibility, a thing not worth aiming at. The thing to aim at is to saturate yourself with the exact meanings and feelings of the original poem, till you feel as if they were your own, and then, trusting to Providence, and using all your powers freely, express them as you would express your own. And never imagine for a moment that you are exactly representing the Greek; because you are not, and never will be. The point at issue was largely a question how far, in translating, you ought to try to find an English word corresponding to each Greek word, or how far to get the whole thing down, as far as possible, into a condition of wordless thought, and then re-express it.

Of course, both views are over-statements, and are inevitably modified in practice. And Headlam's practice in this, as in most other domains of Greek and English poetry, was certainly justified by success.

After the memoir come some fifty original poems and a couple of translations, and then a very useful and much-needed bibliography of Headlam's scattered writings. The verses show the same essential poetic power which was latent in all that he wrote about Aeschylus or Pindar. I quote one characteristic, though unfinished, fragment:—

"Ah, still for my part it were worth  
A lifetime on the treacherous earth,  
To have seen some things which atone.  
In spite of all despair—  
Spring mornings, and the ocean's face,  
To have known sweet music, and the grace  
Of girl-children—to have known  
And cried 'How sweet and fair!'"

G. M.

## NELSON AND TRAFALGAR.\*

NAVAL historians of the old school, of the type of Brenton and James, used to concentrate their efforts on battles and the conflicts between separate ships. It is characteristic of the development of historical science, that writers of the new school, while not neglecting battles, should use most

\* "Walter Headlam: His Letters and Poems." With a Memoir by Cecil Headlam, and a Bibliography by L. Haward. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

\* "The Campaign of Trafalgar." By Julian S. Corbett. L.L.M. Longmans. 16s. net.

of their energies in describing the motives and moves which led up to the battles. The change marks the advancement from the chronicler to the historian. It has its disadvantages. The ordinary reader misses the swift recurrence of dramatic incidents; but all who wish to see the inner causes of events which make or mar the destinies of nations will find the new type of narration engrossing, if not exciting.

Mr. Julian Corbett has already given us excellent examples of the new historical method, and in the present volume, dealing with the most momentous of all naval campaigns, he is seen at the height of his powers. The narrative is marked by width of survey, a grip of details, and a power of combining political considerations with naval developments, which present an illuminating whole. The style is terse, and at times picturesque; but always subordinated to the task of clear and orderly presentation. There are few examples of over-emphasis or mixed metaphors, such as the phrase—"Bitter as was the cup of his dilemma, it was not yet full"; and "His (Bonaparte's) star had once removed mountains; he had trusted it to make the desert flow with milk and honey, and now, perhaps, he believed it could bridge the sea."

The theme is the greatest imaginable. It is the contest of wits between Napoleon and Nelson. Strange to say, only in the last year or so have materials been available for all parts of the political and naval problems involved. The latest additions are, "The Letters of Lord Barham" (formerly Sir Charles Middleton), and "Dispatches relating to the Formation of the Third Coalition," the latter published by the Royal Historical Society. Mr. Corbett does full justice to the mental vigor and patriotism of Lord Barham, the chief naval expert at Whitehall, whose abilities and determination were remarkable, even at eighty years of age. The part which he played in saving England from great peril has hitherto been appreciated only by experts. Mr. Corbett has made it intelligible to all. The documents on the Third Coalition also yield proof that the aim of the Pitt Ministry was far from being tamely defensive, as that of Addington had been. Ministers well understood that if they would succeed they must attack.

Dumouriez warned the Cabinet in 1804 that nothing was more perilous than a perpetual defensive, which would not only dispirit possible allies, but augment the chances of Bonaparte. Probably Mr. Corbett overrates the wisdom of Pitt's designs in helping the Czar Alexander I. in his Mediterranean policy. The proposed joint operations in South Italy might have been useful by way of retort to Bonaparte's designs on the Mores, or as preparing the way for a new coalition against France. But to send Craig's force so far away when England was threatened with invasion was surely a questionable step. Its boldness may command our admiration; but it was scarcely war.

This judgment, however, must depend on the larger question, whether Napoleon's plan of invading England was really formidable. On this topic opinions have always differed; and it is impossible to arrive at certainty. On the surface, the risk seemed very great. The "Army of England" encamped at Boulogne and its neighborhood, though often far below its paper strength, excelled any force that England could muster; and the plans for securing command of the Channel strike us as more effective than Mr. Corbett will allow. The final combination, in particular, was such as promised success, except against such an antagonist as Nelson; and Napoleon, not unreasonably, thought that he had thrown him off the scent by the West Indies device. On the whole, we agree with Mr. Corbett, that the task of securing the command of the Channel was far more difficult than the Emperor allowed. But Mr. Corbett overstates the case. His conviction borders on contempt. Witness such sentences as these:—

"All that we can assert with safety is that no great master of war ever so fatally miscalculated the possibilities and limitations of invasion; and no great administrator ever failed so completely in organisation as Napoleon did with the arrangements for passing the sea with his Grand Army. Nothing, not even the army itself, was ever ready."

And again:—

"His failure to grasp the foundations of the game which every British admiral knew by heart is almost incredible in so great a genius for war. . . . His confident egotism would not recognise that he was playing against past-masters of a game at which he was only an amateur."

Now, it is quite true that Napoleon changed his plans in a bewildering manner; that he always expected his fleets to escape blockades, and time their movements with the precision of armies; and that he under-estimated the difficulties of the Boulogne enterprise. All this M. Desbrière has shown in his exhaustive study, and Mr. Corbett has emphasised it from the point of view of naval strategy. At the same time, Napoleon's insistence that his sailors should attempt almost impossible tasks was but his way of "speeding up" a navy which he believed—and rightly—to be a prey to slackness and despondency. Moreover, from his Flemish and Dutch ports (which Mr. Corbett rarely takes into account), he had the chance of sending forth squadrons and flotillas, which he believed must distract the British defence and help on the final blow to be dealt by Villeneuve. The immense stretch of coast under the Emperor's control after the autumn of 1804, from the Texel round to Genoa (with the exception of Portugal), gave him an enormous advantage; and he had a right to expect that even England would fail to cope with the naval resources, and to blockade the fleets, along this vast littoral. He lost the naval war through precipitation. Potentially, the odds were in his favor, if he would but wait and build, and drill. Even in 1805 the margin of safety for the islanders was perilously narrow.

Mr. Corbett, to our thinking, minimises the danger arising from Napoleon's plan of a naval concentration in the West Indies. Doubtless it was too rigidly conceived. But, even so, it came near to success. Nelson was thrown off the scent at the outset; and no portion of this volume is more interesting than that in which the author traces the workings of Nelson's mind and those of Lord Barham, until the truth was realised. The narrative will serve to dispel the mischievous notion that our great seaman was guided by the intuitions of genius. Genius he had, but it lay in his close, patient, almost painful interpretation of the scraps of evidence as they came in. Twice in his pursuit of Villeneuve he was led astray—firstly, to the Eastern Mediterranean, and then, in the West Indies, to Trinidad. In both cases the results might have been fatal to his country if his mind had not been always open to opposing evidence, and if the Spanish contingent in Villeneuve's fleet had not retarded those ill-matched allies. Mr. Corbett does well to point out that the mere rumor of Nelson's presence in the West Indies paralysed Villeneuve's operations against the British Colonies and merchantmen, so that only the Diamond Rock, off Martinique, and a small convoy fell to the tricolor flag. But what if Nelson had not picked up items of news which enabled him to correct the false move on Trinidad? What, if he had not, while nearing Antigua, gained the moral certainty that Villeneuve was off for Europe? What, if Nelson's messenger, Bettesworth, had not sighted the Allies in the mid-Atlantic on June 19th? The junction of Villeneuve with the Ferrol squadron would then have occurred; Cornwallis would probably have been overpowered off Brest; and the issue of things might have been wholly different.

Again, Mr. Corbett surely insists too much on the difficulty of driving off Cornwallis and setting free the fleet blockaded in Brest. True, the latter could not at once work out to sea against the wind that brought Villeneuve. But Villeneuve, with a superior force, could at least compel Cornwallis to sheer off in order not to fight on a lee shore; and then would not the Brest fleet have got out, perhaps in time to influence the end of the fight? In his pronouncements on these topics, as in the contemptuous tone adopted towards Napoleon, Mr. Corbett exposes himself to the charge of undue dogmatism, which he so forcefully brings against the Emperor. As it is, the narrative sometimes appears to be a spirited and enthusiastic defence of the British Admiralty and Navy; so much so, indeed, as to mar the objectivity at which Mr. Corbett aims. Certainly, the way in which Barham met the crisis of the news of Villeneuve's return was admirable. The old man, though (like Nelson) believing Cadiz to be Villeneuve's landfall, adopted just the measures needed to keep in touch with Cornwallis off Brest and Calder off Ferrol, even while maintaining a somewhat relaxed hold on those ports. On finding the Biscay ports to be the enemy's objective, he hastily amended his orders, giving up the blockade of Rochefort in order to strengthen Calder. The result was the battle off Cape Finisterre on July 22nd, which, though indecisive, had the effect of deranging Napo-

leon's plans. Mr. Corbett does justice to the intrepidity and skill of Calder, which were afterwards impugned. Certainly, he foiled the intended concentration at Ferrol, and, in so doing, saved England from very grave danger. The condemnation then passed on him, as earlier on Orde, is probably unjust. With Mr. Corbett's conclusions on these points we cordially agree.

It is impossible to enter here into the oft-discussed question as to Nelson's Memorandum of the plan of attack at Trafalgar, and the tactics actually adopted. After a careful review of the evidence, Mr. Corbett concludes that the onset was virtually at right angles. By means of plans of the varying phases of the fight, the reader will gain a vivid impression of that exploit. Mr. Corbett also shows that the battle concerned, not the invasion of England (as some ill-informed patriots still believe), but the command of the Mediterranean, which Pitt and Barham had all along intended to secure. But for the disaster of Austerlitz, which led to the Russian evacuation of South Italy, there would have ensued an important campaign in that land. Mr. Corbett's narrative is too full of facts and orders to provide easy reading. But as to its importance, no one can doubt. It would be well if all panic-mongers were compelled to read his chastening remarks on the difficulty of invading an island so long as the defenders retain even an equality of naval force. Another lesson is the supreme importance of the Intelligence Department of the Navy. Here the conditions have wholly changed since the days when naval movements frequently resembled a game of blind-man's buff. But the principles of naval strategy still hold good; and of their working out in the most important campaign in history, Mr. Corbett's volume presents an illuminating exposition. The charts and plans are excellent.

#### THE PROBLEM OF HEREDITY.\*

FROM "The Present Evolution of Man," published in 1896, to the bulky "Laws of Heredity" now before us, is a notable development of scientific doctrine, upon which Dr. Reid is to be congratulated by his readers, albeit some may grumble over having to follow him through two recasts. The present volume, he observes, covers a wider area than his last, "The Principles of Heredity" (1905); but it includes all the subject matter of that, and broadly speaking, the two books are reconstructions of that of fourteen years ago. Where other men produce new editions, Dr. Reid, living permanently in his subject, rewrites his doctrine with ever-increasing width of view and fulness of argument, upon different lines of methodic approach. And to the gain in systematic handling there is, perhaps, some set-off in loss of attractiveness. The first book, in which the doctrine is approached by way of discussion and criticism, is certainly the most readable of the three. Though too spontaneous and alert a writer to be at any time dull, Dr. Reid has grown so far indifferent to finish as to be capable of producing constructions like these (pp. 72, 407): "But the evidence that this view, which has not been tested by an appeal to reality, though the test is possible, is mistaken, is overwhelming." "Recent writers make also as little mention of memory as a factor in mental evolution as Darwin." Dr. Reid will admit the shocking character of the sequence, "is possible, is mistaken, is overwhelming"; and he will be the last man to cite it as a proof of his proposition that faculty does not always grow with use of function.

The special interest and the special importance of Dr. Reid's teaching lie in the fact that while he is one of the most determined and most competent exponents of the Weismann doctrine that "acquired characters are not inherited," he is equally firm in his rejection of the sociological conclusions which most of the literary Weismannites draw from their theorem. Convinced that sobriety, for instance, is attainable by nations only as a result of the killing out of the types prone to alcoholism, he is equally assured that civilisation is not a matter of "race characters," and that education or mental "environment" can produce the adaptations which, as regards physical bias, moral training cannot

produce. Man, he insists (p. 428), "is mentally an extremely adaptable, malleable, educable, intelligent, and intellectual animal; and, therefore, . . . is much more a creature of habit than of instinct." He thus stands in direct opposition to Professor Pearson, who insists that "no training or education can create intelligence. You must breed it." Dr. Reid's contradiction is explicit: "No kinds of characters are more innate or inheritable than any other kind; . . . the terms 'innate' and 'acquired' are misnomers, and the causes of endless confusion, misunderstanding and misinterpretation; . . . the so-called innate characters are simply characters which have developed under one kind of stimulus (that of nutriment), whereas the so-called acquirements are equally important characters which have developed under other kinds of stimuli. . . . The moral and intellectual characters are to Pearson *instincts*; whereas I cannot conceive how such characters can be instincts" (pp. 431-2).

Such a conflict of practical doctrine shows at once how far we still are from having settled the "laws of heredity" all round; and it may be that a factor which Dr. Reid and most other Weismannites reject as having no conceivable influence on physical or mental characters of offspring—the psychic states of parents—may after all have to be recognised as effective by both schools. Without it, at least, Dr. Pearson apparently cannot account for the intellectual and moral differences within families; and neither can Dr. Reid ostensibly account for moral and intellectual inheritance. And whereas his statement of Weismannism is nearly impregnable on the side of the problem of physical evolution and inheritance (the only opening for doubt being his insistence that, say, the child of the blacksmith inherits absolutely nothing in the way of stronger muscles, when in point of fact no decisive measurement is possible), those who tend to oppose Weismannism on the score of the social inferences drawn from it by some of its exponents may find in Dr. Reid's broader handling of the principle an approach to a solution of their primary conflict with Weismann.

It would be rash, on the other hand, to suggest that Dr. Reid is likely ever to modify any of his oft-argued theses; but it is difficult even now for some who are in general agreement with him to assent to his purely biological view of the evolution of sobriety. In handling his statistics, he still fails to deal with the question as to how many of those who die of alcoholism do so before leaving offspring—a very important point. From the first he unduly assumed that few or none of those who dissented from him realised that susceptibility to alcohol-attraction varies very greatly. It is hard to believe that even a large minority of inquirers have ever overlooked this palpable fact. On the other hand, his historic survey does not bear out his thesis of the elimination of alcoholic types. The data from China (p. 306) are notably intractable; and it is significant that in one paragraph (§ 509, p. 305), he states first that "Great Britain has always been intemperate," and finally that "At the present day, though not so temperate on the average as the inhabitants of the vine countries, most Englishmen are sober." He is forced to admit that the great difference between the drinking habits of the upper class in the eighteenth century and in the twentieth century, cannot be accounted for by mere elimination of types; and he does not sufficiently consider the possibilities of variation in proneness through (1) physiological *rebound* in offspring, (2) neural or temperamental as distinct from moral alteration in bias, and (3) hygienic habit or conviction.

The whole of the data handled by Dr. Reid needs overhauling, and nobody could do it better than he. In his first book he argued (p. 335) that "because the English are more inclined to drunkenness than the Italians, they prefer their alcohol of greater strength." In the later books he puts it, on the contrary, that "More Englishmen are intemperate on beer than on spirits, and on the average their alcohol is twice or thrice as dilute as the wine of South Europeans" ("Laws," p. 313). If there is now more drunkenness among our beer-drinking than among our wine-drinking classes, is it to be accounted for by elimination among the latter? And has Dr. Reid inquired closely as to the alcoholic strength of the wine drunk by Italian peasants in particular? How, again, on the elimination theory, shall we account for the drunkenness preached

\* "The Laws of Heredity." By G. Archdale Reid, M.B., F.R.S.E. Methuen. 21s. net.

against by Basil at Cæsarea, in the fourth century of our era, when there had been an alleged "culmination" of Dionysiac drunkenness in Greece a thousand years before; and the use of the vine in Asia Minor is much older still?

It is not for the reviewer to settle what the able argumentation of Dr. Reid leaves unsettled; but so candid a reasoner as our author will probably admit that his case is not watertight; and that his doctrine of the mental adaptability of man is not conspicuously congruous with his original formula that, barring Artificial Selection, "the world will never be thoroughly sober until it has first been thoroughly drunk." He will perhaps admit, too, that if, as he put it in his first book, "the Greeks and Italians are notoriously more passionate and less self-restrained than the English," he ought either to explain in terms of Natural Selection how this can be so, if Natural Selection is the determinant as regards sobriety, or to show that, and why, Natural Selection is powerless as regards passionateness. Realising as he does that it is not the determinant as regards intelligence and high moral character, he is well able to throw new light on the problem from his side. Even on the biological side, by the way, Dr. Reid should reconsider his repeated assertion that "if smallpox be passed through a series of calves it becomes cowpox." This has been flatly denied; and unless there has been a recent agreement on a new definition of cowpox, his proposition is not the current "orthodox" doctrine as to vaccination. In accepting the original assertion of Jenner, who took for granted the identity of cowpox and smallpox, Dr. Reid is putting an unnecessary strain upon his own doctrine of inheritance.

#### A PAGEANT OF BRITISH DRESS.\*

We have but one criticism to make upon the scope of Mrs. Ashdown's book. Her history of British sartorial modes ends with the declining years of the eighteenth century, where modern dress with its infinite varieties of interesting uncouthness may be said to begin. We are thus deprived—in this volume at any rate—of the pleasure of studying the last stages of sartorial development; there is a gap in the connection between the living present and the past. We lose the fearful joy of directly linking-up the trousers with the knee-breeches, the sober morning coat with the gay raiment of an eighteenth-century beau, and of tracing the immediate ancestry of the dress suit, the frock coat, the top hat, or patent leather boot. The rise, decline and fall of the crinoline and of many another oddity of that bustling nineteenth century are here unwritten. Fortunately, however, there are other sources of information available upon nineteenth century modes; and on the whole we are disposed to accept Mrs. Ashdown's plea that these would require a separate volume, and to rest content with what she has given us in her finely illustrated volume of 350 pages. Hers has, indeed, been a tremendous undertaking. She has described the typical British costumes from the times of the Druids; and she has illustrated them, when possible, from contemporary pictures and brasses, and when no pictorial records exist, with modern made-up pictures based upon the written word. The result is a pageant of British dress which, in the completeness of its details, leaves one astonished at the thoroughness of research that has gone to its making.

It is a plain record, not interwoven to any great extent with the threads of subtle deduction from dress to its wearers, or the worsted of sartorial philosophy. It is a book of facts, and, in part, of warnings to the student, who is cautioned, for instance, against taking his ideas of the national dress from representations of what the upper classes wore. This warning may seem superfluous and unnecessary, but in reality it is highly needful and legitimate; for quite a number of excellent people base their whole conception of what was worn by the ladies of the Middle Ages upon the costume affected by Norman and Plantagenet Queens. To show how hopelessly misleading is this argu-

ment from the very particular to the general, we may take the case of the head attire. The Norman and Plantagenet Queens, however gaudily upholstered, displayed the crowning glory of their natural hair to some extent; hence it has been inferred that the majority of British ladies would also have shown their hair. But, as a matter of fact, for long years the queenly example was meant to be admired but not to be followed; in short, the baring of the hair was an immodesty of the grossest kind, unless it happened to be perpetrated by a queen. It was not for nothing that Fashion's inventiveness almost exhausted itself in devising the wimple and peplum, the horned or reticulated or butterfly head-dress for medieval beauty; neither was the showing of the hair a queenly privilege that was lightly let go. It is thus clear that radical misunderstanding may arise from a hasty and superficial study of national dress. One can conceive a similarly fatal misconception arising in the case of the Saxon sleeve, liberally rucked at the elbow. The casual observer of perhaps a single specimen of this peculiarity might easily attribute it to ignorance of the tailor's art; and in this view he would be supported to some extent by the fact that it was not till Edward IV. that tailoring as a distinct art began to be properly appreciated; and not till James II. was it really established as such. But the true explanation of the Saxon rucked sleeve is really much simpler; it was rucked in order to give it sufficient length to allow of its being pulled down over the hands in cold weather. We believe that sleeves are made—for Arctic explorers and others—to-day, which have the same intention but are, perhaps, more ingenious in design.

We cannot attempt to indicate, however briefly, the course of development followed by male and female dress in this country during the centuries included in Mrs. Ashdown's survey. There are, however, one or two important things to be borne in mind—guide-posts, as it were, to the rest—by the student and reader, and we should like to emphasise the emphasis laid by the author upon these. One point is that dress of either description remained practically the same in England as it was on the Continent until the reign of Edward III. Mrs. Ashdown points to this era as the one in which it began to take on a distinctively British character; though we are bound to confess that up to the end of Edward IV.'s reign, characterised by short garments for men and ultra-long ones for women, we can only trace minor distinctions between the British and, say, the Italian garb of the same period. However, there is no question of the Britishness of Henry VIII.'s costume, as pictured by Holbein; and the garments that, like the Empire, swelled and blossomed with accessories under Elizabeth were, we hope, the peculiar product of our Imperial expansion. "A ship," wrote a contemporary of those days of the ruff and farthingale, "is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready." It is but fair to add that the gentlemen were hardly less elaborate, especially in the succeeding reign, when an outburst of extravagance was the prelude to a return to grace under Charles I. Indeed feminine fashions have throughout shown more persistence and consistency than those of men. The Saxon ladies particularly remained faithful to one style of dress, except in the matter of the headgear. Later variations were also mostly marked in this detail of attire, inasmuch that Mrs. Ashdown counsels the student to make the head-dresses "the memory pegs on which to hang successive developments in female dress."

A second feature of dress history was the influence of the Crusades, to which the author attributes certain Oriental characteristics that crept into the head-dress and even the other dress of medieval times. The turban head-dress is one of the most obvious outcomes of this influence—it was the Turkish turban and not the Indian, be it noted—but one may surmise that the Saracenic love of display made an abiding impression upon the Norman mind, never averse from gaiety in everyday apparel, and, through the spirit of emulation, provoked imitation in details of accessories and ornaments. Later commercial intercourse with Constantinople and the Far East would have strengthened this influence; the Mandarin hat and the bag sleeves of Henry VI.'s reign have a distinctly Oriental taste about them. Incidentally they were symptomatic of the foppish extravagance which, throughout the centuries, appears generally to have coincided with the career of a weak, bad king. The most insane

\* "British Costume During Nineteen Centuries." By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown. Jack. 12s. 6d. net.

freaks of fashion took place in the reigns of William Rufus, Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI., and James II. On the other hand, Elizabeth's reign was not wholly guiltless in this respect; while the Caroline cavalier dress (which the Puritans denounced but followed with modifications) was a model of grace save when it was distorted by the "exquisites," and it was reserved for the comparatively blameless eighteenth-century monarchs to preside over the abomination of the hoop skirt and the curiosities of the Macaroni Club.

The concluding portion of Mrs. Ashdown's book is devoted to ecclesiastical habiliments, and thither we have no space in which to follow her. Neither has it been possible to do justice to the enormous mass of matter relating to civil and court dress, with which the rest of the volume deals, or to suggest more than a tithe of the curious and quaint modes with which our ancestors were wont to divert themselves. There is an excellent index; also a glossary which, though it might have been extended with advantage, will considerably assist the uninformed reader.

#### A NEW WRITER.\*

IN "A Leading Note," Miss Rosalind Murray has succeeded, where many a veteran fails, in keeping within the compass of her natural gifts. The secret of the supremacy of classic art lies, perhaps, in the feeling for harmony, which is born of the twin instincts of grace and measure. To be too ambitious, to overstate here and understate there, to wrestle with form, and overweight your theme with matter—this is the temptation of all but a few happy moderns. Miss Rosalind Murray's style, on the contrary, is so pure that it might have been trained by devotion to forms as perfect as the old Scottish ballads and the Greek anthology. It is clear that she owes a debt to the most exquisite master of fiction, Turgenev; but it is clear also that she has the inborn instinct for restraint, balance, grace—the instinct which distinguishes the rare craftsman.

The upbringing of Carola Beaufort, an English girl of nineteen, the daughter of a distinguished mathematician, is sketched for us in a few lines. "Beautiful things had surrounded her ever since she could remember; beauty was a necessity of life to her. Life altogether was beautiful; it passed for her almost dreamlike, quiet, lovely, never keen. She had little sense of the boundary between the real and the unreal." Carola is still in the dreamy stage of girlhood when a friend of her family, Henry Forde, a young Cambridge don, brings down to Mornton, the Beauforts' country place, a Russian exile, Mr. Ortskoff, a Tolstoyan, who considers "any form of art wrong." The figure of this Russian is remarkable for the suggestion of racial atmosphere outlined in his negative attitude towards his English hosts, their outlook, and their culture. He is silent, self-contained, self-absorbed, and fanatical in his "care for morality." He is a moral enthusiast in his rejection of the appeal of art, in his striving to fulfil the Will of God, in his struggle after ethical perfection, but he does not inflict his creed on his acquaintances, and it is Ortskoff's reserve and his indifference towards herself, as much as his dominating will and romantic history, that impress Carola's imagination. She falls unconsciously in love with him, though well aware of the mental antagonism between her impressionable, beauty-loving temperament and his ascetic ideals. The picture of Carola's changes of mood is sensitively true to nature. Like so many English girls, she has a passionate love of the open air, of all young, tender, growing things, and a hatred of misery and unhappiness, existing side by side with an uneasy lurking belief that it is wrong to enjoy oneself. When the week of Ortskoff's visit is up, Carola says good-bye to him with more relief than regret. He promises to send her some of Tolstoy's writings, but when the books arrive she is disproportionately disappointed that there is no accompanying letter. "She was vexed with herself for being disappointed, and her vexation roused up again her resentment against Ortskoff." Three months pass, and the Beau-

forts go to the Italian Riviera to winter at Pezzi. The description of Carola's friendly intercourse with the Signora Bassi, and three young friends of her own age, Rodolfo, Lucia, and Lorenzo, shows delicate skill in seizing the shades of national character. The surface charm of the Italian mind, its gaiety, sunniness, and simple warmth, make a most admirable contrast in coloring to the quiet austerity and rigid ideals of the Russian. Carola's days at Pezzi are sketched for us with a naturalness that implies great felicity of touch in the writer. Carola is youth. She is sick at heart at the misery of the world, when she meets a crippled peasant, but, next day, she enjoys herself almost recklessly at an orchestral concert at San Remo. "She felt light-hearted, joyous with a peculiar exciting joy, sharpened by something of recklessness, almost of defiance. . . . It was wicked to feel like this, but it was splendid. She felt that she belonged here." But the next day, along with the reaction, comes a letter from Mr. Ortskoff. He is on his way from Rome, and as he is passing through Pezzi he proposes to stay a few days with the Beauforts. Five months have slipped by since his visit to Mornton. Carola feels curiously excited at the news of his coming. She has a misgiving that he will spoil Pezzi for her, but "she was really glad he was coming—on the whole."

Our sketchy summary of the first half of "The Leading Note" wrongs the author, because it conveys but a disjointed idea of the delicacy with which the growth of Carola's unconscious passion for Ortskoff is indicated. Even as the half-opened petals of a flower hide the stamens, so the swift onset and variation of emotional moods in a young girl's soul often screens from her the bent of her feeling. The classic example is Elena's Diary in "On the Eve," and we can pay no more genuine tribute to Miss Rosalind Murray's analysis than to say that it bears comparison with the Russian master's. The fifty pages that deal with Carola's discovery that she is in love with Ortskoff, and with the shock and tumult of her feeling when an accident that befalls him on the cliff edge causes her, momentarily, to lose her head, are altogether admirable. One thinks again involuntarily of Turgenev, yet the pupil's method is quite individual. The legacy of his classic lucidity and supple grace of style is there, but the touch is all her own. The passage below is not selected as an illustration of style, but to show the development of the story during Ortskoff's convalescence:—

"Ortskoff spoke with an intensity of conviction that seized hold of Carola, robbing her of all power of criticism. She felt herself powerless, carried away by the storm. The reflection from the glowing sky and sea beat back upon his face. The intense expression and brown beard gave to it a Christ-like look. She gazed at him in rapt excitement. A new joyous strength possessed her. . . . He was exhorting her to follow, and she would follow to the ends of the earth; gladly, gladly, would she give up all pleasure if she only had him, if only she might share his life and serve him.

"She looked at the crimson sky before her; the blaze of color wrought on her mind as an intoxicant, stringing her taut nerves to a yet higher pitch. She stood still, her chest heaving; joy filled her at the renunciation of joy, swift, strong, such as she had never known. The ground before, around her, the houses, the cape ahead, all ceased to exist. There was nothing, no world, only they two, poised in an infinite stretch of fiery gold, and the great renunciation of happiness; the very color was symbolic, fierce, and beautiful.

"Ortskoff's eyes were upon her. He seemed to be awaiting her reply; her words choked her; she gasped:—

"I know . . . I can," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

"In Ortskoff's face was no response; he continued to look at her for a moment, and then turned away, as though he had not heard.

"Carola stared at him in bewilderment, then a sudden terrible chill fell upon her, and icy humiliation. The revulsion of feeling turned her faint. The color seemed to have grown dim in the sky. It was not true! There was nothing. She had held something beautiful beyond words in her hand but a moment before, and now it was gone!

"He had not been thinking of her, not speaking to her. She had given up all joyously for this one thing—and it was not hers. She walked on, dazed."

The author's style is at its best in the lighter, more joyous, passages, such as the one in which Henry Forde, the conscientious young don, proposes marriage to Carola, and she cannot pay attention to his words, but keeps speculating as to how it is that the sunset is reflected in his well-polished boots! The fleeting shades of the girl's mood and the mobility of her feminine intuitions are re-

\* "The Leading Note." By Rosalind Murray. Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.

presented in all their fineness, and an admirable calm reigns in Miss Murray's pages. It is, indeed, the feeling of gracious harmony unifying all the subtle details that places this love-story quite apart. The critic, a little non-plussed by the certainty and maturity of this first novel, can only suggest that perhaps Carola is a little too skilled in self-introspection for a girl of her age, and that Carola's awakening to love and her grasp of the situation after Ortskoff's arrival in Pezzi are too complete, too rapid, for life. But we venture this criticism with diffidence. It is good for a critic to know his place.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE RING OF POPE XYSTUS" (Williams & Norgate, 4s. 6d. net) is a collection of Greek aphorisms, which has been translated for the first time into English by the Oxford scholar, Mr. F. C. Conybeare. It has been suggested by Professor Harnack that these aphorisms are wholly pagan; and are Pythagorean in origin. But the view taken by Mr. Conybeare, and he supports it with convincing force, is that some earlier collection of Stoic aphorisms was Christianised by Xystus, the first Pope of that name, and in this new form introduced into Christian circles. It would be entirely in accordance with the literary customs of the time that Xystus should give his name to the book. If Mr. Conybeare's contention is correct, the "Ring of Pope Xystus" assumed its present form and began to be popular in Christian circles about the middle of the second century. Towards the end of the fourth century it still retained its popularity, and about that period was translated into Latin by Rufinus for the edification of devout ladies who did not understand the Greek tongue. Soon after this it fell into disrepute, owing to the attacks made upon it by St. Jerome, who hated Rufinus, and charged him with propagating a pagan book in the Christian Church. But the work, as it has come down to us, contains so many echoes of the Gospel that we are bound to attribute its latest recension to a Christian hand. If we examine the contents of the collection, we shall see that an attempt has been made to arrange the aphorisms according to the subject matter. We have a body of aphorisms on the use of the tongue; another on the use of the passions; another concerns marriage, while other groups of sayings relate to the use of food, joking and seriousness, and our attitude towards death. In addition to these there are considerable groups of sayings which concern God, and the worship of God; which concern charity and benevolence, parents and children, rule and kingship, city and country. In fact, the aphorisms are intended to cover the whole field of life, and to arm the believer to meet all its vicissitudes. In the scope and character of their teaching, these aphorisms of Xystus are a fine example of the lofty temper of the early church, in which they were so popular. They are interesting as showing "the keenest aspirations after moral improvement, the pure spirit of philanthropy, the lofty contempt for power and riches, the true devotion to ideals," which, as Mr. Conybeare reminds us, belonged alike to the wisest Pagan teachers and the early Christian Church. The existence of these sayings is a proof that the best Christian teachers of the second century were not aware of the chasm between their own teachings and the highest lessons of Paganism. When the human mind is at its best, there is a wonderful similarity in the things it has to tell.

\* \* \*

ALTHOUGH Queen Marie Amélie, Louis Philippe's wife, lived in stirring times, and was intimately associated with people who have played a great part in the history of Europe, her own personality has fallen into the background. We doubt if Miss C. C. Dyson's book, "The Life of Marie Amélie, Last Queen of the French" (John Long, 12s. 6d. net), will do much to revive interest in Marie Amélie, for her qualities—a high sense of duty, tact, sympathy, and piety—while winning for her the affection of many of her contemporaries, are not precisely those which lend most

interest to a biography. Miss Dyson accordingly falls back on the times in which Marie Amélie lived, and of these she gives a clear, though in no way brilliant, history. She opens with an account of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and of the disturbed period when Fernando IV. and Maria Carolina had twice to escape from Naples. In the same way Louis Philippe is introduced by a short biography of his father, Philippe Egalité, and this is followed by a sketch of Louis Philippe's career previous to the Restoration. Miss Dyson gives a rather inadequate picture of the Courts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., but is better when treating of the Revolution of 1830. She accepts the view put forward by M. Bazin, amongst others, that Louis Philippe never aimed at the crown, and only accepted it out of patriotism. Whatever his motive may have been, Louis Philippe cut a poor figure on the throne, and Marie Amélie's dignity found a foil in her husband's entire lack of it. His shuffling escape as the bespectacled Mr. Smith, ended an impossible position. Marie Amélie survived her husband by eighteen years, dying at Claremont in 1866, aged eighty-four. She was, as Miss Dyson says, a link between the old régime and the modern world, but hardly a very interesting link.

\* \* \*

A book on the war in 1812 between this country and the United States seems to have been published by Mr. Roosevelt in America more than twenty years ago. The publishers of "The Naval Operations of the War between Great Britain and the United States (1812-1815)," by Theodore Roosevelt (Sampson Low & Co., 6s. net), do not tell us whether this is a new edition without any additional material or a fresh work based on the older volume. They also issue the book without either an index or a table of contents. Judged as a piece of popular history, Mr. Roosevelt's work is well up to the average of such writing. The narrative is told with spirit, and such incidents as the duel between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake" are related in dramatic and telling style. But for the more serious student and the naval expert Captain Mahan's history of the war is the standard work, and there is no comparison between it and Mr. Roosevelt's sketch. Mr. Roosevelt's general attitude to the war may be judged from his denunciation of the peace policy of Presidents Jefferson and Madison. He admits that, at the present day, "no student of international law would justify the attitude of Great Britain in the quarrel," but oddly adds that "nice customs curtesy to great crises." If an unjustifiable attitude only needs a great crisis to make it a justifiable one, there is an end of all international understandings. As a matter of fact, the rights of neutrals during war, which was the essence of the American contention in 1812, have received increasing recognition, and there are signs that their area will enlarge rather than diminish in the future.

\* \* \*

WE welcome the appearance of a new and carefully revised edition of Sir William Lee-Warner's standard work on "The Native States of India" (Macmillan, 10s. net). The title has been changed, because the original title of "The Protected Princes of India" in reality prejudged the case. As is well known, the volume is a treatise on a peculiar issue of international law. Strictly speaking, we ought not to call the law in this case international, for the Native Principalities do not retain the international rights of declaring war or forming alliances. But this minute discussion of the relation between the States and the British Government, together with the history of that relation in the past, can be classified under no other heading. In India proper there still exist about 680 Native States, enjoying a kind of independence, and including a population about twice the number of the people in England and Wales. To many readers it would have been more interesting if Sir William Lee-Warner had discussed the actual condition of these States in social and political affairs, and shown us in what respects they fall below the average standards in British India proper, or rise above them. But that is not the author's object. He deals almost entirely with the more technical and diplomatic side of treaty obligations, common defence, internal and external relations, royal prerogative, and British jurisdiction over railways, and matters of that sort. On the whole, he is

*To be Published early in August.***NATIONAL REORGANISATION OF BUSINESS.****By A BUSINESS MAN.**  
Price 6s. net.

This is a remarkable book which deals with a large number of subjects of burning importance to the whole community, and will bring about right reforms in many quarters. It deals with the following, amongst many other important topics:—

The Education of Children Especially for Business.  
The Adoption of Right Conditions in Business Life.  
The Adoption of Right Business Principles.  
The Adoption of the Cash System in all Businesses.  
The Provision of Annuities for Employees after Righteous Dividends have been paid.  
The Abolition of all Taxes on Income and Food, and shows what should be taxed instead.  
The Abolition of all Sweating, and how it can be accomplished.  
The Abolition of Street Trading and Hawking, and Competition amongst all Traders.  
The Adoption of Right Salaries for all Ministers of every Denomination.  
The Adoption of a Universal Religion.  
The Adoption of the Stage as a Teaching Element.  
The Protection of the Young from Pernicious Literature, and how it can be accomplished.  
What to do with the Unemployable.  
How to Increase our Army and Navy, and how to Train our Lads for Military Service Without Detriment to Business.  
How to Protect English Trade without a Tariff.  
How to Cure Unemployment without Labour Exchanges.  
How to Discount Vice and to Put a Premium on Virtue.  
How to Reduce Taxation.  
How to Establish a Business Parliament.  
How to Use our Universities for National Purposes.  
How to Establish Businesses on a Proper Footing so that there shall be No Bankruptcies.  
How to Deal with National Health.  
How to Deal with the Laws of the Land that everyone will be able to understand them.

And many more topics of National and Individual Importance to all Business Men, Ministers, Educationists, and Parents.

SEND ORDERS TO  
**POWER-BOOK CO., 29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**

**BOOKSELLERS.****THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE,**LISTS SENT POST FREE. **53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.**

The 1s. Illustrated Bible, 1s. 3d. post free. The Red Letter Bible, from 5s. 4d.  
The Indexed Salvation New Testament, 1s. 6d. post free. [post free.  
The Red Letter New Testament, 1s., 1s. 6d. post free.  
The Sunday School Prize Bible, with Coloured Illustration, 1s. 6d. post free.  
Wide Margin Reference Bibles, from 3s. 9d. post free.  
The Self-Explanatory Teachers' Bible, 12s. 6d., 15s., and 21s. post free.

**NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.**  
**WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd.,**

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON (and 14, George Street, Croydon),

Have just issued a **NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS** being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

**J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.***School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students***BOOKSELLERS.****NEW AND SECOND-HAND.**

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our **VERY LARGE STOCK** answered.

**TOURS.**

**THE R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE,"** of the Union Castle Line (the only large steamer 100 A1 at Lloyd's entirely devoted to pleasure Cruises) is chartered for

**£12 : 12.** OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ (for Seville), GIBRALTAR, TANGIER.

Also later cruises, Adriatic and Venice and Palestine and Egypt.  
CRUISING CO., LTD., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

**The Daily News**

has the largest circulation of any Liberal daily newspaper.

It is the only Liberal journal on sale on the day of issue throughout the United Kingdom.

AT ALL LEADING BOOKSELLERS.

*Ready August 15th, 1910***A Modern Outlook**

STUDIES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TENDENCIES.

By **J. A. HOBSON**

One Volume, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

**HERBERT & DANIEL, 21, Maddox Street, W.****Note that THE NEW "BOOK MONTHLY" Is Now Ready, 6d.**

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

**PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR.** Gossip By the Way About Books and Bookmen, with a Selection of Pictures.  
**BOOKLAND IN AMERICA.** An Impression of It at Close Quarters by a Britisher—James Milne.  
**THE SIDE-LINER.** Novel Authorship as a Help to Other Callings—By Adam Gowans Whyte.  
**ROSES! ROSES!** The Prevalence of this Flower in Literature—By Evelyn B. Mitford.  
**A LONDON LETTER.** Literary Notes and News by a Famous Duchess.  
**POET AND PUBLISHER.** Robert Doddsley who Began Literary Life Below Stairs.  
**LIGHT AND LEADING.** New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.  
**THE GENERAL READER.** Snap-Shot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.  
**NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.** Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.  
**BOOKS OF THE MONTH.** A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions and Reprints of July.  
**THE PERIODICALS.** Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.,**  
4, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

inclined to think that the term "Semi-sovereign States" best expresses the position, which is in any case anomalous, and continually calls for great tact and delicacy of treatment.

\* \* \*

THE account of a journey through the Sahara from Tripoli to Bornu by Mr. Hanns Vischer in "Across the Sahara" (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net) deserves to be read, not only by those interested in African exploration, but by everyone who enjoys a book of travel written by a man who knows how to describe what he has seen and experienced. Mr. Vischer, as Sir H. H. Johnston tells us in a short introduction, is a Swiss, educated and naturalised in England, who has been for some years past in the Colonial Service, and is now Director of Education in Northern Nigeria. He determined to make his journey along the trans-Saharan trade route with the object of determining how far it was likely that the old Arab trade would revive, and also of getting some trustworthy information about the Senussi and other tribes of the north. His caravan, consisting of negroes and Arabs, gave him a good deal of trouble, and on one occasion he narrowly escaped being murdered by a band of Tuareks, the men of whom he describes as living upon crime and without faith or honor, yet so "bullied and worried by their womenfolk" that they "have no liberty at all." Mr. Vischer met with several members of the Young Turkish party, who were spending their period of exile as traders. One of them, whom he saw engaged in selling small quantities of tea and sugar at Murzuk, spent the intervals of quiet allowed him by his customers in reading a volume of Baudelaire. The book has a good deal to say both of the Berbers and the Tubbus, the latter a remarkable race, whose language still remains one of the unsolved problems of Negro philology. One of the results of the expedition was the discovery in the oasis of Gatrun of stone axes which Dr. Paul Sarasin thinks belong to the Neolithic period, and which are similar to those found by French officers in Nigeria. Mr. Vischer has provided his volume with illustrations and an excellent map.

## The Week in the City.

			Price Friday morning, August 5		Price Friday morning, August 12.
Consols	...	...	81½	...	81¼
Great Eastern	...	...	64	...	64
L. & N.W.	...	...	137	...	136½
Steel Common	...	...	69½	...	71½

THE collapse of Dr. Pearson's syndicate is still much talked of in the City. All agree that the losses are prodigious. Some say that the stocks have gone into strong hands, which will take steps to raise the levels of Wall Street prices, in order that they may unload at a handsome profit. Others think the Wall Street magnates will shrink from instructing the bankers to stimulate speculation just now, seeing that natural conditions are so unfavorable. Dr. Pearson's luckless speculation has been bad for holders of the Brazilian and Mexican specialties of the Canadian group, with which he is associated, and these tram and electric lighting concerns have fallen rather severely. Sharp declines have also occurred in rubber and rubber shares, though the latter recovered sharply on Wednesday. A crisis seems to be taking place in the American motor industry. Thousands of persons who cannot pay for their machines have bought them "on tick," or with money borrowed from a bank, and a great hunt is going on in the West for cash. It is a pity that more Americans do not take a leaf from the book of the Texas barber who sternly refused I O U's or notes of hand, and stuck up as a motto over his shop: "Here we trust in God. Every other man cash down, you bet." On the whole, the week is ending more cheerfully than it began. The Board of Trade returns

for July are very good. The shipbuilding crisis is over. Railway traffics are satisfactory. The August crop report of the Board of Agriculture points to a good all-round harvest. The rains have come in India. The cotton crop reports from the United States are more reassuring; and, lastly, the most acute liquidation seems to be over. But London bankers will watch the news of the next few weeks from the States with anxiety.

### AUGUST A CRITICAL MONTH.

Just because the Stock Exchange magnates are usually away on a holiday, we usually think of August as a quiet, dull month for the City, in which nothing particular happens. This is quite a mistake. August is often a critical month for stocks, as well as for cereals. Last year, for instance, the American markets were upset by Harri-man's illness, and the volume of Wall Street's transactions were heavier than in any subsequent month. Then, as I am reminded by the financial editor of the New York "Evening Post," in 1907, August was marked by an exceptionally violent collapse in the market, which carried prices in many instances lower even than those of the "silent panic" of the previous March, and gave an indication of what was in store for the markets in the autumn. August of 1906 was, in many respects, the most spectacular month witnessed in Wall Street since the exciting period preceding the Northern Pacific episode in 1901. The increase in the Union Pacific dividend from 6 to 10 per cent., and the placing of Southern Pacific on a 5 per cent. basis, started a speculation which lifted prices 20 to 40 points before the month ended. Stock sales exceeded 31,000,000 shares, and on one day, the 20th, 2,716,000 shares were handled. Let all speculators, then, regard August with respectful awe.

### THE HOME HARVEST.

In a few districts harvesting has already commenced, but it will not be at all general until about the middle of next week. The official report on the condition of the crops on July 1st, published by the Board of Agriculture, showed a very satisfactory state of affairs; but, unfortunately, the cold and wet weather during July has done considerable damage to many of the crops. However, the August report is better than was anticipated. Provided that the weather is fine and warm during the next few weeks, the present season (writes an expert correspondent) will probably prove an average one. In Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Surrey, Sussex, Worcestershire, Derbyshire, and Dorsetshire the wheat crop is below the average, while in Gloucestershire, Shropshire, and Berkshire it is above the average of preceding years; in other districts a normal crop will be secured. Many of the most promising crops have suffered badly from the incessant rains, and will not yield nearly as well as was anticipated. The heavy storms have laid many fields rather badly, so that they will give considerable trouble in cutting. Barley has also suffered a good deal in this respect, particularly the heavy crops. In most districts a rather more than average yield will be obtained, and there is every indication that barley will prove to be the best cereal of the whole year. Fine weather, however, is essential for harvesting, since barley is very easily damaged by rain. Oats thrive fairly well in cold, dull weather, and thus the crop has not been seriously affected by the comparatively sunless summer. Generally speaking, a good crop will be gathered; in some districts, however, the fields are very patchy, owing to the presence of wireworm. The straw, especially that of white oats, is somewhat limp, and the incessant wet weather has laid a large proportion. Beans are above the average, and there is, happily, an almost entire absence of fly. Peas are less satisfactory, and will be no more than average. Potatoes are looking remarkably well, but disease is appearing in places, and fears are entertained that this will spread. Mangels are very variable, and while in some districts a record crop is expected, in others the wireworm and maggot have played great havoc. Swedes and turnips, while extremely late, are satisfactory, and will probably yield above the average.

LUCULLUM.

**10/-****REST-CHANGE-FRESH AIR**

Are made possible for  
**POOR CHILDREN FROM  
SLUMS OF LONDON**

By means of the  
**COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND**

A Gift of 10/- meets the cost of a fortnight's  
Board and Lodging for one Child.

Contributions welcomed by

**RICHARD J. EVANS, M.A.,**  
Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

**BIRKBECK BANK**

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

**2½ per cent. INTEREST**  
allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

**2 per cent. INTEREST**  
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.  
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**PUBLIC HOUSE REFORM.**—The People's Refreshment  
House Association, Ltd., founded by the Bishop of Chester, manages  
77 Licensed Inns. Ask for List and Report.  
APPLY for 4 per cent. LOAN STOCK.  
P.R.H.A., Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

**THE FIRST NATURE-CURE  
IN ENGLAND.**

**BROADLANDS, MEDSTEAD, HANTS.**

One Hour and Forty Minutes from Waterloo.  
Altitude 500 Feet. — Pure Bracing Air.

An Ideal Holiday for Tired People, with or without Treatment.

**Sun, Air, and Water Baths** in one of the most beautiful  
spots in England, with absolute privacy.

Sleeping in Air Huts. Non-Flesh Diet. Golf, Tennis, Croquet.

For Prospectus, apply **MANAGER.**

**"PYRENO"**

(REGISTERED).

**A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.**

Should any Garment shrink in the wash it  
**WILL BE REPLACED.**

CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE** DRINK THE

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.  
In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being so  
much stronger than **ordinary COFFEE.**

**TANGYE'S**

**TYPE "AA" OIL ENGINE**

For Farm or Estate Work,  
Country-House Lighting, &c.

**TANGYES LTD., BIRMINGHAM.**

**HIGHEST QUALITY  
TURKISH TOWELS  
AND SIMILAR GOODS.**

SOFT AND ABSORBENT.

THE "OSMAN" TURKISH TOWEL.  
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH SHEET.  
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH MAT.  
THE "OSMAN" TURKISH BATH GOWN.

THE "OSMAN" Turkish Goods enumerated here are  
an absolute necessity in every household. They are a  
luxury, but not expensive, and can be obtained at prices  
within reach of every one. Be sure to buy the "Osman"  
brand and avoid imitations.

**MADE BY**

**BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED, MANCHESTER;**

And Sold by all High-class Drapers and Upholsterers.

MADE IN  
CANADA.

THE  
**EMPIRE  
TYPEWRITER**

1340  
Purchased  
by H. M. GOVT.

for accurate alignment,  
reliable work,  
low cost of upkeep.

No. 1. Price £13 2s. 6d.

No. 2. " £17 0s. 0d.

The **EMPIRE TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.,**  
77, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

## UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE,  
Associated with the General and Queen's Hospitals for  
Clinical Teaching.

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY,  
In conjunction with the Birmingham Dental Hospital.

THE WINTER SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 3rd, 1910.

The University grants Degrees in Medicine, Surgery, and  
Public Health, and a Diploma in Public Health; also Degrees  
and a Diploma in Dental Surgery.

The Courses of Instruction are arranged to meet the require-  
ments of other Universities and Licensing Bodies.

For Prospectus and further information apply to  
GILBERT BARLING, M.Sc., F.R.C.S., *Dean*.

## BOOTHAM SCHOOL.

*Under the Management of the Society of Friends.*

THE AUTUMN TERM BEGINS ON  
SEPTEMBER 16th

For Prospectus, etc., apply to the Head Master  
Bootham School, York.

## AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, TAMWORTH.

YOUTHS TRAINED FOR HOME OR COLONIES.  
Farm, 1,000 acres. Carpentry, Smith's work. Riding and  
Shooting taught. Ideal life for delicate boys.

## THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Entrance Scholarships Termly. Particulars in Public Schools  
Year Book, or, more fully, from the Bursar.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.

## CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

BLACKHEATH, S.E.

Principal, F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc.

Preparation for London Matriculation 1st Class College of  
Preceptors, and Entrance to Oxford or Cambridge.

## STRAMONGATE SCHOOL, KENDAL.

Head Master—WILFRED SESSIONS, B.Sc.  
The School has doubled its numbers during the last few years.  
Fees: 60-70 guineas per annum.

TANGLEWOOD, BARNT GREEN, THE LICKEY HILLS,  
Near Birmingham.

## BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

On approved Modern Lines. Thorough Education with individual care and  
character training. Games, gardening, and open air life in lovely country  
with bracing air. Good train service on main line. Baccots provided.

Principal - - MISS EBBUTT, M.A.  
(Neunham College, Cambridge—Trinity College, Dublin.)

## THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Education thoroughly modern: physical training and outdoor  
games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life.  
The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For Pro-  
spectus address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD,  
HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

ST. HELENS, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

## BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principals: MISS WINGATE M.A. (Clifton College), and MISS POTTER.  
Thorough Modern Education. Special attention paid to Languages  
Music, Art and Physical Culture. Home comforts and Training.  
Splendid Health Record.

## EDUCATIONAL.

## CROYDON. Croham Hurst School for Girls.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation.  
Limited number of girls taken. Thorough education on modern lines.  
Special encouragement given to reading and leisure pursuits, and to  
interest in current movements.

Hockey, Tennis, &c., &c. Swimming. Riding. Much outdoor life.  
Principals { THEODORA E. CLARK.  
K. M. ELLIS.

## CO-EDUCATION BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Friends' School, Great Ayton, near Cleveland.

Boarding School for about 60 Boys and 45 Girls. Beautifully situated near the  
Cleveland Hills. Modern Education, including Manual Training and Domestic  
Science. Preparation for University Locals (not compulsory). Laboratories,  
Workshop, Gymnasium, Cookery School, Swimming Bath, 15 acres of Recre-  
ation Grounds. Fees £11 per Term for those entering under 12 years of age;  
otherwise, £12. The School being full, application should be made in advance.  
Apply for Illustrated Prospectus, &c., to F. RIVERS ARUNDEL, Head  
Master.

## UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.

HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS, CLIFTON  
For all particulars apply—  
MISS M. C. STAVELEY, M.C., The University.

## ST. GEORGE'S WOOD, HASLEMERE, SURREY.

COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Sandy Soil. 600 feet above sea level.

Thorough education on modern lines. Usual curriculum, also citizen-  
ship course, extension lectures, &c. Preparation when required for  
University and other careers. Healthy outdoor life; good riding  
and games. Systematic training given in carpentry, gardening, nature  
study and poultry keeping, as well as domestic work.  
Principal: Miss KEMP.

## LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL (near Reading).

Under the Management of the Society of Friends.

Boys from this PUBLIC SCHOOL have done well at the  
Universities and in business careers.

The School stands in its own grounds of about 45 acres, high  
above the town and the Thames Valley.

For Honours List, Prospectus, particulars of Scholarships, and  
other information, apply to the Head Master, C. I. EVANS, M.A.,  
at the School.

## CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION. Forthcoming Examination.

Assistant Examiners in the Patent Office (20-25)  
1st September.

The date specified is the latest at which applications can  
be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with  
particulars, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission,  
Burlington Gardens, London, W.

Your Week End  
Is Not Complete

WITHOUT

The Saturday  
Westminster

(The Weekly Issue of "The Westminster Gazette.")

It is the only Weekly Magazine Review of  
the kind.

"F.C.G.'s" Cartoons of the Week.  
An Unique page of "Problems and Prizes,"  
Book Reviews and Special Literary  
Articles by the best known Writers.

ONE PENNY. Post 6/6 per annum (home), 8/8 (abroad).

Offices: Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

THE INDEX TO  
VOLUME VI. OF THE NATION

Is now ready and will be sent free on  
application to the Manager.



OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

**THACKERAY HOTEL**

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

**KINGSLEY HOTEL**

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor,  
Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,  
Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.  
Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte  
Breakfast, Single from 5/6 to 8/-.

Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."  
Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

**LONDON.**

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man. Direc.,  
30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.**

IDEAL RESIDENCE.  
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**

THE QUEEN. Bath Road. Miss Tye.  
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

**BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.**

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

**BRIGHTON.**

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

**DARTMOOR—YELVERTON.**

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (en pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara.

**DEAL.**

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

**DROITWICH.**

WORCESTERSHIRE BRINE BATHS HOTEL.  
Write to M. F. Culley for inclusive terms.

**EASTBOURNE.**

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day.

**EDINBURGH.**

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

**FOLKESTONE.**

TOYNBEE HOUSE, 15, Langehorne Gardens. Board and Residence.  
Miss Brett and Miss Randall.

**GREAT YARMOUTH.**

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing Sea. 10/- per day.

**GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.**

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

**ILFRACOMBE.**

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea.

**KEARSLEY (FARNWORTH), S.O. LANCs.**

CHURCH HOTEL. Bowling Green and Cheap Refreshments.

**LANCASTER.**

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh.

**LEEDS.**

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

**LIVERPOOL.**

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell.  
Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone 3032 Royal, 3 wires.

**LLANELLY.**

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

**LYNTON (Devon).**

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

**MALVERN.**

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager—J. Wilson.  
KNOTSFORD. Supr. Aparts. Elec. Light. Prop. C. Bartter. Tel. 182.  
PORTLAND PRIVATE HOTEL. Illustrated Tariff. D. Woodman.

**MATLOCK.**

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).  
SMEDLEY'S HYDRO. Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

**NELSON.**

RAMSDEN'S HOTEL and Restaurant. One minute from Station.

**OXFORD (near).**

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boar's Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, &c., Lecture.

**PENTRE.**

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

**PWLLHELI.**

SOUTH BEACH HOTEL. First class, Facing Sea. Mod. Incl.  
Terms reduced from Sept. 1st.  
ROYAL PRIVATE HOTEL. 40/- weekly inclusive.

**SOUTHPORT.**

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illuminations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths & Treatment.  
ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas. Tel. 647.

**WESTON-SUPER-MARE.**

LEETE'S PRIVATE HOTEL. Tel. 297.

**WHITBY.**

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

**WORCESTER.**

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St. 1st Cl. Temp., Tel. 212.

# The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and  
Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.  
PRICE 3d. By Post, 5d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2  
COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the **ECONOMIST** is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway, Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAIL.  
Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.,  
and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

**NOTICE.**

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035. Editorial: Central 4511.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

Single copies of THE NATION may be obtained from, and subscriptions received by:—

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli; W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Galignani's Library.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

**Scale of Charges for Advertisements.**

	FULL PAGE.	½ PAGE.	¼ PAGE.
Back Page, or Page facing matter	£10 0 0	£5 0 0	£2 10 0
Other Pages...	8 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0
Hotels, Hydros, and Educational:			
13 Insertions	...	8d. per line	
52 "	...	6d. "	

## BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

### The True Chatterton

#### A New Study from Original Documents

By JOHN H. INGRAM. With 24 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10/6 net (inland postage, 5d.)

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Ingram's book is not likely to be superseded; it is both scholarly and easy to read, free from flummery of any kind. The illustrations are of uncommon interest, and the appendices should by no means be overlooked by anyone interested in Chatterton or poetry."

### A Vagabond Journey Round the World

#### A Narrative of Personal Experience

By HENRY A. FRANCK. With 109 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15/- net (inland postage, 5d.)

*The Evening Standard* says: "There can be no doubt of the abounding fascination of the book. It is full of adventure, recorded without the least apparent zest in adventure; full of character, without any apparent interest in character; crammed with originality, without any attempt at originality."

### The South Devon and Dorset Coast

By SIDNEY HEATH. With a coloured Frontispiece, Maps, and 32 full-page Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6/- net (inland postage, 5d.)

*The Daily Chronicle* says: "Here, then, is a volume for the kit-bag during the holidays and the arm-chair afterwards. It is amiable and enthusiastic, and not unworthy of the glorious coast it describes."

### Argentina

(Vol. IV. of the South American Series.)

By W. A. HIRST. With an Introduction by MARTIN HUME, a Map, and 64 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, Cloth, 10/6 net (inland postage, 5d.)

*The World* says: "Mr. Hirst has treated his subject from every essential point of view with admirable and most informing thoroughness." *The Times* says "It is a very interesting and trustworthy survey of the present condition and prospects of the country."

### Baedeker's Guides

For information as to hotel charges, the chief places of interest, and, in fact, on all points on which a Tourist needs guidance, BAEDEKER IS INDISPENSABLE. On sale at all Booksellers. Complete list of volumes free on application to Mr. Fisher Unwin.

### "The Canadian Kipling"

"Of the Canadian disciples of Kipling, by far the best is R. W. Service, a very young Englishman who is a bank clerk at White Pass, one of the gateways into the Yukon territory. His 'Songs of a Sourdough' have run through many editions. Much of his verse has a touch of real originality, conveying as it does a just impression of the something evil and askew in the strange, uncouth wilderness of the High North. And his 'Spell of the Yukon' can never be left out of any anthology of Canadian verse. The Stevensonian cunning with which the dialect and intonation of the actual Westerner is suggested shows that the author is a true literary artist."—*The Times*.—

#### Songs of a Sourdough

By R. W. SERVICE. 22nd Impression. 3s. 6d. net. (Inland Postage, 4d.)

#### Ballads of a Cheechako

By the same Author. 2nd Impression. 3s. 6d. net. (Inland Postage 4d.)

On Sale at all Booksellers.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1910.

